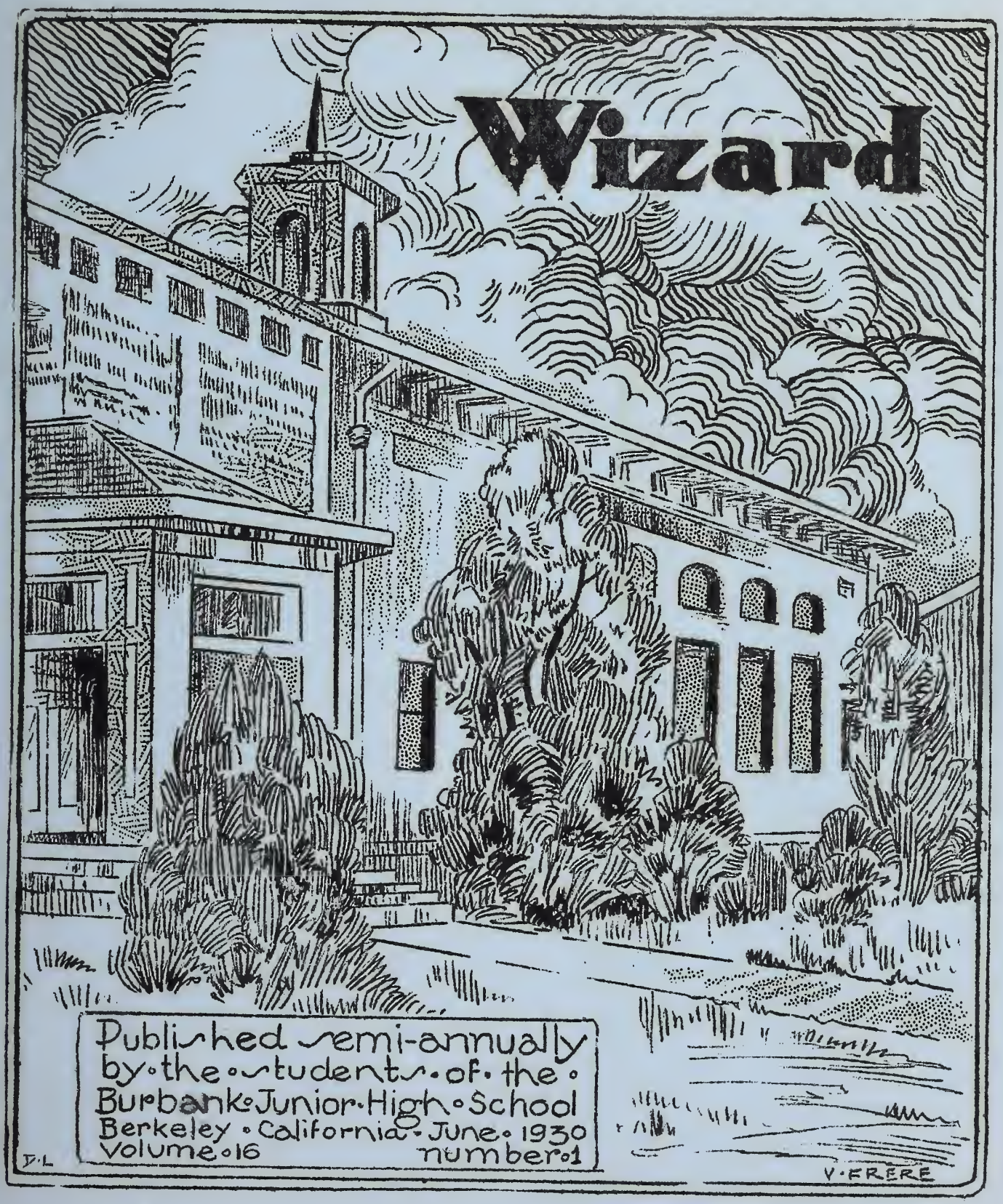
June 1930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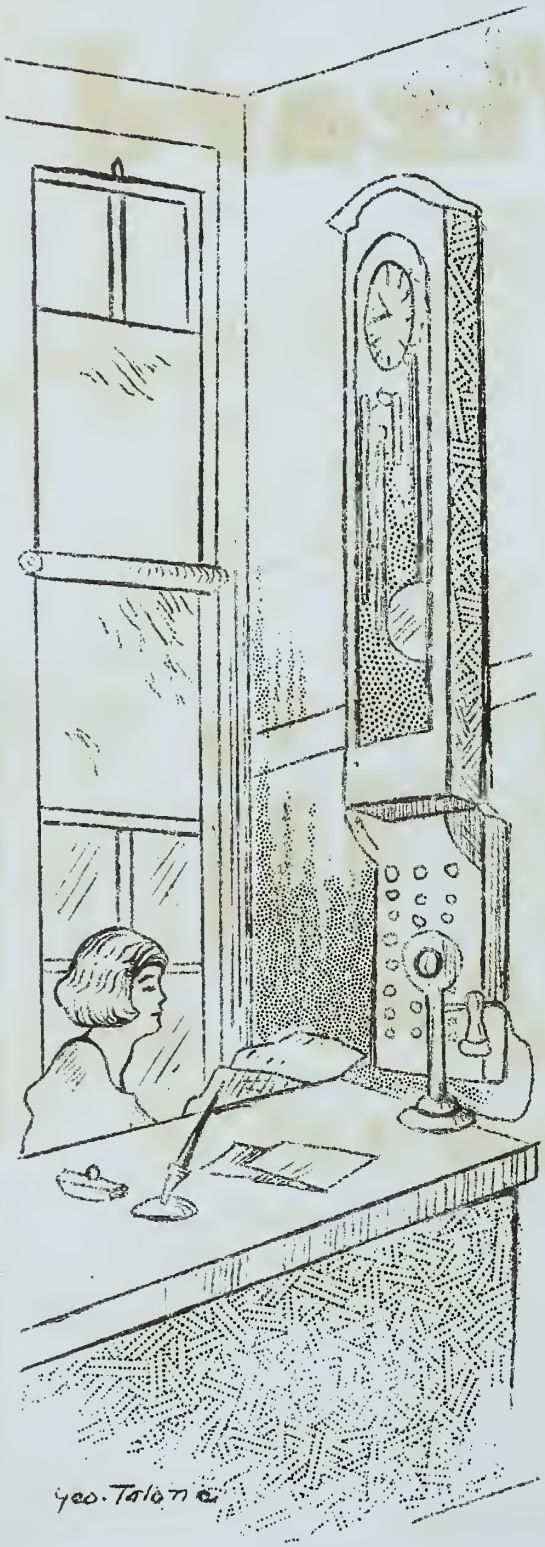
D.L
V. FRERE



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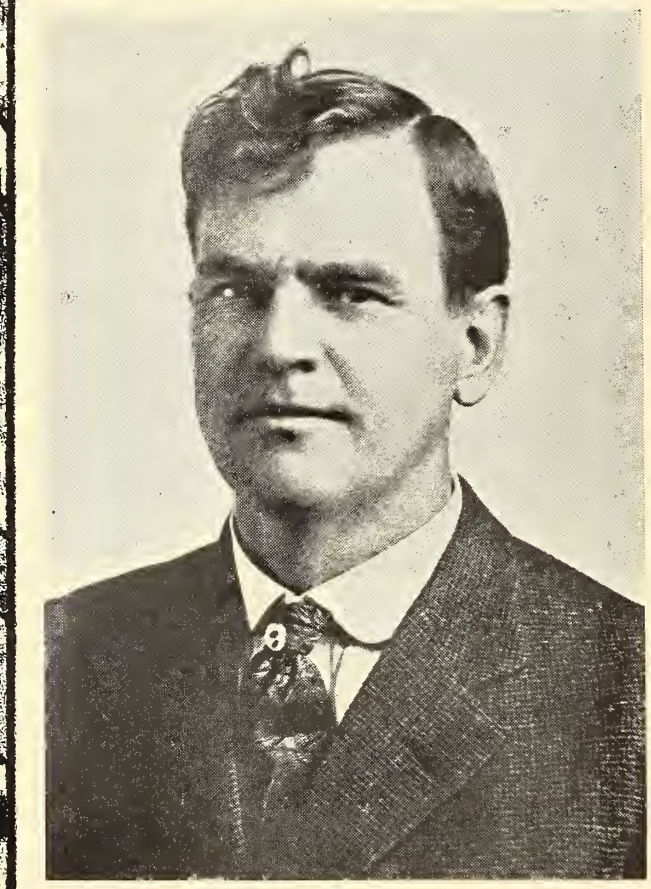
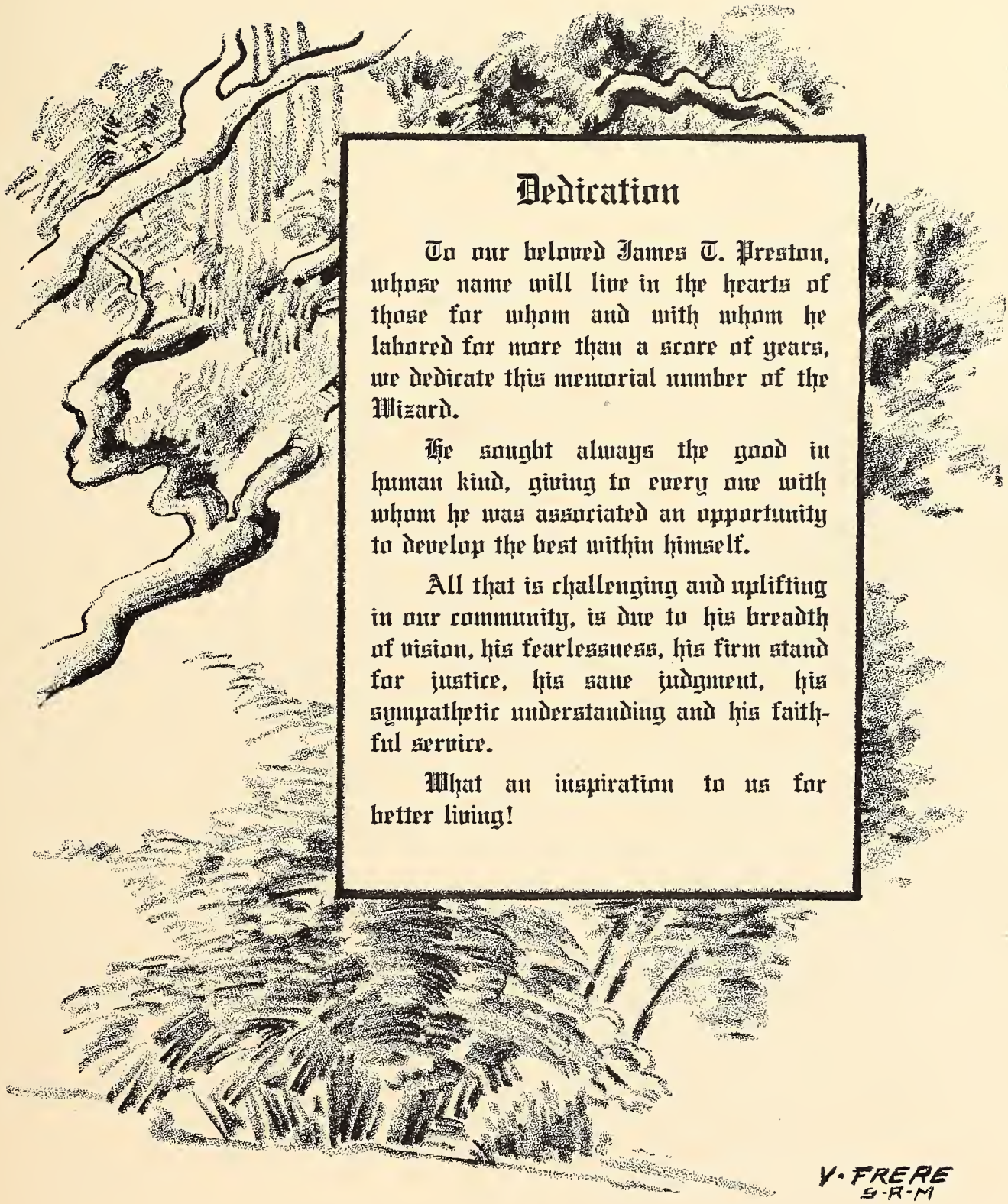


James T. Preston



Dedication

To our beloved James T. Preston, whose name will live in the hearts of those for whom and with whom he labored for more than a score of years, we dedicate this memorial number of the Wizard.

He sought always the good in human kind, giving to every one with whom he was associated an opportunity to develop the best within himself.

All that is challenging and uplifting in our community, is due to his breadth of vision, his fearlessness, his firm stand for justice, his sane judgment, his sympathetic understanding and his faithful service.

What an inspiration to us for better living!

Reprint Wizard December 1925
V. FRERE

In Memoriam

JAMES T. PRESTON

"The rank is but the
guinea stamp,
The Man's the gold for
all that."--Burns

Mr. James T. Preston spent his boyhood on a farm, and as he grew up to manhood, worked at some of the harder and rougher types of manual labor, such as lumbering and brick-making. He knew the feel of the axe and the shovel, the weight of the wheel-barrow, and exhaustion that comes from hard physical work. These early experiences gave him a deep sympathy for the boy and the girl, the man and the woman, whose lot it is to work with his hands. He liked to talk of his life on the farm, and the work of the brick yards and lumber camps. Later on he went to the normal school, and took the regular training

offered at that time for the work of teaching. This he supplemented by study at the University of California. Mr. Preston was not only a trained musician, but had that gift which no training can produce--a great and genuine love for singing and for music of all kinds. Of course the greater part of Mr. Preston's grown-up life was lived in Berkeley, as a school principal. But he was much more than the ordinary schoolman. He was specially active in charitable and recreation work. He was not a man who could be overlooked in a crowd or a meeting, for he was never afraid to speak his mind, and what he had to say was always worth hearing.

Mr. Preston particularly disliked show and pretense. He was a man who was never ashamed of his old friends, no matter how humble their position in life. He would bring them into a dinner or reception and introduce them with just as much pride as if he were introducing President Hoover or King George.

Mr. Preston sometimes liked to tell the pupils of the school that a man was only a boy, just bigger, and older, and with more experience; and he had the rare ability to retain a great deal of boyish honesty, straightforwardness, and simplicity, as he grew older.

One of Mr. Preston's greatest sorrows, though he rarely, if ever, mentioned it, was the death of his only son in early childhood. Some years ago a "father and son" dinner was given in the community, which he felt under obligations to attend. Having no son of his own living, he had to choose a boy to go with him. And what sort of boy do you think it pleased him to take? Some boy from a wealthy or influential family? No, he took a boy with whom things had not been going any too well, a boy who had found life somewhat rough and difficult. But Mr. Preston believed in him, and was glad to give him such standing as might come from taking part with him in such a gathering.

There was nothing small or narrow about Mr. Preston, either physically or in his ideas about children. "Grow as big as you want", he said to a girl who had been told by some older people that she was getting to be too big, "and don't accept advice from anybody as to your size. Enjoy being big. Weigh two hundred, if you want to. We can not all be ostriches or canary birds, but each to his own kind."

"Mr. Preston occasionally exploded", as a teacher once put it, "but the tempest went down as quickly as it rose, and when it was gone it left no more trace than a storm on the ocean." He was not an "I-told-you-so" sort of person, and he bore no petty grudges or resentments.

"I know no one," wrote a former member of the faculty, "with a greater love for the down-trodden;" while another calls to mind the saying of an ancient hero, "I care not that I have fame, just so my name lives in the heart of a child," and adds, "There are many children of yesterday who will hold Mr. Preston's name dear through all the years to be."

A. M. Wolfenden

OUR DAY AT THE FAIR

As one pauses and looks back after fifteen years spent in the Franklin and Burbank Schools, there are many pictures of Mr. Preston which come to the mind. Each of these is interesting, as it calls to our minds one or more of his characteristics. In some he is the clear thinking, dominant leader; in others he is the sympathetic friend and adviser. In all are seen his clear vision, his sense of humor, his justice, and his strength and vigor. I have chosen to write about one day which portrays not only these traits but many more.

Early in February 1915, Mr. Preston told his teachers that he felt it was not only their duty but their privilege to open the doors of the San Francisco Worlds Fair to their pupils. One of Mr. Preston's theories was that the school should stand ready at all times to introduce the students to as many helpful and educational experiences as possible and to help each pupil to develop the best in himself. In his masterly way he quickly arranged for permits and transportation for the entire school above the third grade.

Some two hundred of us, each carrying his supper, left the school at noon and marched by classes to the Key Route train, which took us directly to the grounds. Mr. Preston's final instructions were: "Remember you are pupils of the Franklin School and do it credit. Each class, keep together and stay with its teacher and all follow me." I can see Mr. Preston now as he left the boat. He wore a long black overcoat and a black derby set firmly on the back of his head. He marched ahead of his family of two hundred just as any of the old generals might have marched triumphantly ahead of his victorious army. He had his plans all made for the afternoon and he strode steadily on, oblivious of the attention we were attracting and of the fact that many could not walk as fast as he could. As he went, we could hear him pointing out interesting details and laughing heartily over amusing comments.

This is a picture of Mr. Preston, not a description of the day. Suffice it to say we had many humorous experiences trying to keep our classes together and to follow the right derby. We all arrived, after some delay, at the place appointed for supper. Here Mr. Preston showed himself a mere mortal for a moment, when he discovered that his supper, carried by Mrs. Preston for safe keeping, had not arrived. However, when she and Miss Cameron came in breathless and duly apologetic for having become lost in the crowd, his sense of humor saved the situation.

After supper the children were permitted to choose what they wanted to do. So we spent two hours seeing the lights, viewing the concessions, and doing many things dear to childish hearts. Strange as it may seem, when Mr. Preston checked up the sleepy crowd as we were nearing Berkeley, each class was with its teacher and we still had our eyes on the derby. For many days the children talked of "our great day," and it was a great day in their lives and a great inspiration to them.

We, who worked with Mr. Preston for so long a time, have many such pictures. He was constantly an inspiration not only to the children but to the teachers, and we are better for our years of association with him. He will ever remain dear to our hearts.

Dora L. Martin

A REVIEW OF MR. PRESTON'S LIFE

Mr. James Theodore Preston was born at Fairview, Oregon, September 17, 1867. He was graduated from San Jose Teachers' College in 1892. In 1906 he became the principal of Franklin School. In 1916 he became principal of Burbank Junior High School, the first junior high in the state of California. Mr. Preston was at one time a member of an opera company. He was on the board of directors of the Welfare Society of Berkeley and was also a member of the Recreation Commission.

Ellen Lateana H9

JAMES T. PRESTON

Here - He showed the goal, he gave us a trust to fulfill,
He taught the way to guide youth with infinite skill.
Yonder - We feel assured that it will be said unto him,
"You're needed. Welcome home, Big Brother Jim."

Annie Dolman Inskeep (Sierra Educational News)

SOME REMINISCENCES

When my thoughts go back to the days of Burbank's babyhood, before it was old enough to have a house of its own, a few of the many events that transpired in its development are outstanding in my mind, one of which was our first operetta.

We were still housed in the Franklin School with no auditorium and no stage. These obstacles were partly overcome by giving the performance in Finnish Hall; but all of you who have helped to give an operetta know that much must be done before the final night.

Where to practice? "In the yard," was Mr. Preston's answer. He marked off a stage with exits and entrances corresponding to those at Finnish Hall, and there, in a capello style, we did our rehearsing. With just one rehearsal in the hall on the afternoon of the day before we gave it, we managed, after some difficulties, to present our first operetta, "On Plymouth Rock," to a large audience.

Another interesting and important event was the naming of the baby. As is usual in large families, there was much discussion as to what the name should be. After many names had been considered and rejected some one suggested "Luther Burbank." At once it seemed to be a favorite, and when a vote was taken, it proved to be true most decidedly.

When the student body president wrote to Mr. Burbank about it, he responded with a lovely letter, and by sending to us some young trees, shrubs, and flowers as well as the large picture of himself, which has since hung in the auditorium.

P. Adele Gilbert

HIS LAST COUNCIL MEETING

One day in representative meeting Mr. Preston said, "As you grow older your responsibility also grows larger." He illustrated this by drawing a triangle upside down on the board. He said, "The point of the triangle represents when you were born and did not have any responsibility but depended on your mother. As you grow older you also climb up the triangle until when you are twenty-one you will have reached the top of the triangle which is also the broadest part. Then you will have full responsibility." He also said: "Never put off responsibility; shoulder the responsibility and do well what you are told to do." I shall always remember this talk of his.

Kathryn Sexton H8

A TRIBUTE TO JAMES T. PRESTON

Our friend has gone, --
A score of years our paths lay side by side,
And ever, as the months and seasons passed,
Whether upon the sunny hilltops clear,
Or through the valley where the road was rough,
Steadfast, courageous, sure, he kept his way.

His strength gave strength to those
With whom his days were spent;
His scorn of false pretense, of hollow sham,
Made others choose the gold, and spurn the dross;
Within his shadow falsehood could not live.

Our friend has gone, --
His cheery greeting we shall hear no more;
His handclasp warm we shall not feel again,
And yet, he has not gone;
The sun may sink from sight at close of day,
But through the night the warmth that it has given
Lives on, in flower and fruit and quickening life.
And so it is with him.

Here in this room he loved,
Hallowed by countless memories of our friend, --
Of music from the voice we loved to hear --
Of kindly words, of counsel wisely given,
Of pride in those whom he had guided through
To deeds accomplished and successes won,
He still lives on.

And in the lives of boys and girls and men,
His stalwart spirit touched,
The seeds he sowed through five and twenty years
Will grow and bloom and bring forth fruit of gold,
For years and years to come.

Our friend is here;
His presence blesses all within this room;
And we who linger yet awhile may courage take
To carry on, as he has done, until the Master's voice
Shall bid us lay our burdens down,
And LIVE -- with him.

-- D. L. Hennessey

JAMES T. PRESTON--TEACHER

It was my privilege, pleasure, and good fortune to be intimately acquainted with the late James T. Preston for many years. It is impossible to realize that he is gone and that sweet memory must serve as our only future intercourse.

His was a great personality that made of him a genial, companionable friend whose loss causes a grief time will have a difficulty to heal. In our various conventions, at school banquets and other gatherings of school men he will be sorely missed, and no one can ever fill the void his absence will create.

As a teacher and school executive, his every word, deed and action gave evidence of a philosophy of education which he lived every day. It was simple and free from all ostentation. Sincerity of purpose predominated. The school existed for but one purpose--the child. Subjects were taught the child, but only as a means to an end. He worked for his community and the child must be fully prepared to live in the community, to better the community, and to fulfill the best purpose in life. To him, all types of children were worth while and deserved the best efforts of the teacher. He was progressive, a serious student of all new educational movements, yet cautious and conservative. For him, the best interest of the child in preparation for life was always the deciding factor.

Always a gentleman, always courteous, always refined, always hopeful, and always generous in his relations with others, a true friend, his personality won the respect of child, teacher, community. His passing is a great personal loss, a serious loss to the community he so ably served.

"Our friend is gone;" and, how well we can apply Cicero's words: "Now they are worthy of friendship in whom there exists a reason why they should be loved."

Walter T. Helms, City Superintendent, Richmond

MR. PRESTON

Mr. Preston was always looked upon by the citizens of Berkeley as a noble man. He was loved by children as well as by grown-ups. He devoted a great deal of his time to the welfare of the community. He tried to make it a better place for the citizens. He was a man of the highest type. He was somewhat like Luther Burbank. Luther Burbank experimented with plants, but Mr. Preston in his work of the school, tried to

bring the children to the highest rank of life. He was very much interested in music. He worked very hard for our band boys. He wanted them to have uniforms like other school bands.

Dorothy Cuneo H9

MEMORABLE SAYINGS OF MR. PRESTON
Contributed by the Students

Strive to do your daily tasks.--Helen Loven

If you want to get anywhere in life you must work.
--Dorothy Scott

It is the person that has the strongest character that gets a-long best in the world.--Rene Mattingly

Your time is valuable; do not waste it.--Bill Bowers

Play the game squarely.--Gino Marchieski

Learn to be responsible.--Alice Tsukamoto

Be yourself; be natural.--Alice Tsukamoto

Hard work meets with success.
When you start a thing finish it, and finish it well.
To learn to do hard work is necessary.--Catherine Harris

Use your talents well; work till lesson time.--Ruth Kindle

Whenever a thing is to be done, it must be practiced well to be done well.--Willis Horton

I want you boys and girls to realize that this is your school. You should make it a school that you will be proud of. It should mean something to you.--Phyllis Olson

When you have something to do, do it and stick with it until you have it done and well done.--Mary Muscadini

You come to school to learn, not to play.--Charles Holstein

When in a discussion do not listen as if others were lecturers, take part in it.--Allan Nelson

SELECTED FROM MR. PRESTON'S WRITINGS
TO FACULTY AND STUDENTS IN THE DAILY BULLETIN

"We are very proud of the record made by our pupils last night. The program was very well done but above that our boys and girls conducted themselves as well-bred young ladies and gentlemen."

"The principal wishes to commend all those who participated in making the opera and the dance a success. Here was an outstanding example of co-operation of faculty and students in a production that had real educational significance. Our boys were particularly happy in what they did."

"Congratulations to the H9" for the very great success of the plays. To those who were responsible for their success, thank you."

TO THE FACULTY SEPTEMBER 17, 1927

"As I passed another milestone it was so covered with flowers that I could scarcely discern it."

TO THE FACULTY SEPTEMBER 17, 1929

"Activity is the law of youth. I keep mine by having the glorious opportunity to work with you here and with others in entirely different fields."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

To his brother: "We always know better how to run some one else's business than our own."

To his daughter when entering college: "Make a budget, accept the responsibility of spending it. Learn the value of money. Spend for necessities first and go without luxuries, for a budget is not to be replenished when exhausted."

To a friend on the loss of his mother: "In one sense our mothers never die."

POP PRESTON

He who was happy, he who was smart,
Who worked his way upward, right from the start.
He who had joke and josh for each child;
But, who had a temper, once he was riled.
So, there is only, one thing we can say,
It's always the good ones, that God takes away.

June Holliday H8

OUR UNFORGOTTEN ONE

We all miss our Mr. Preston,
Who was and is the man whom we all love.
Now our programs will rest on
Plans made by the spirit that's above.

He always said things
In forward joking ways.
To our memories this brings
Those happy by-gone days.

So we shall venture far and bold,
But I know we can never forget
Him who had a heart of gold,
And who is working with us yet.

Dorothy Loveland L9

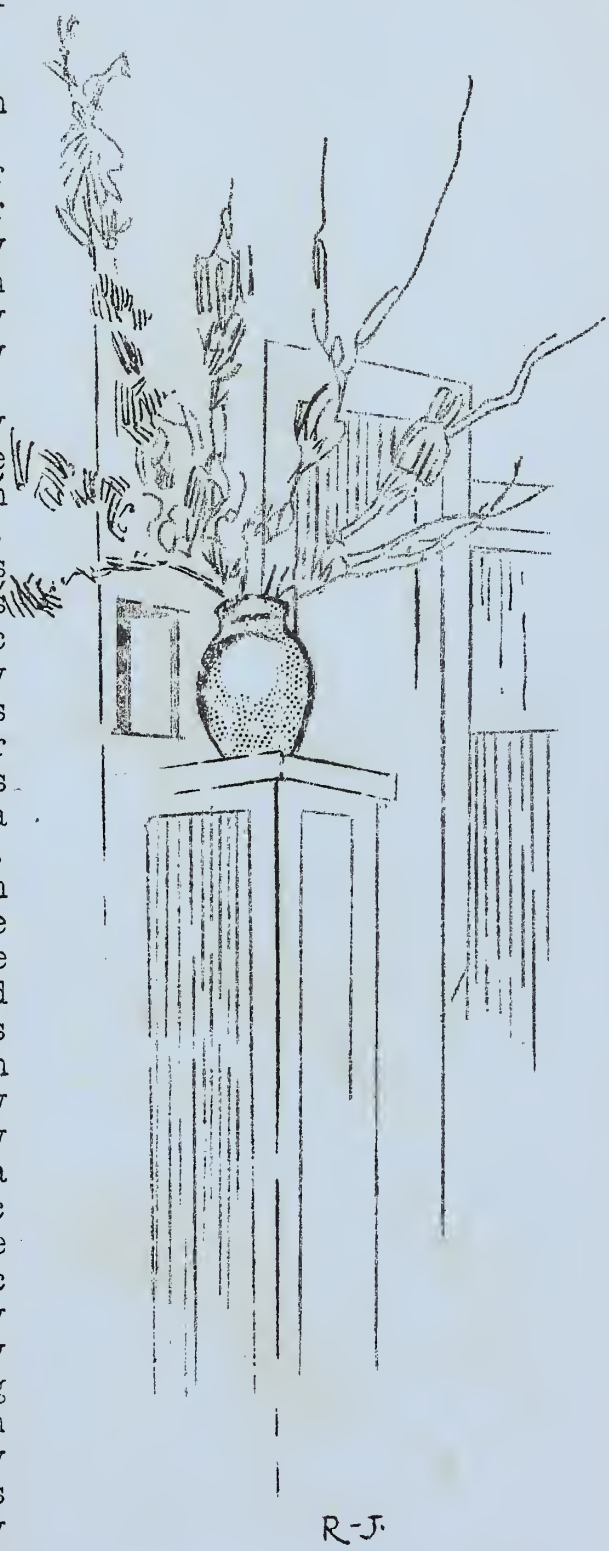
FOND MEMORIES

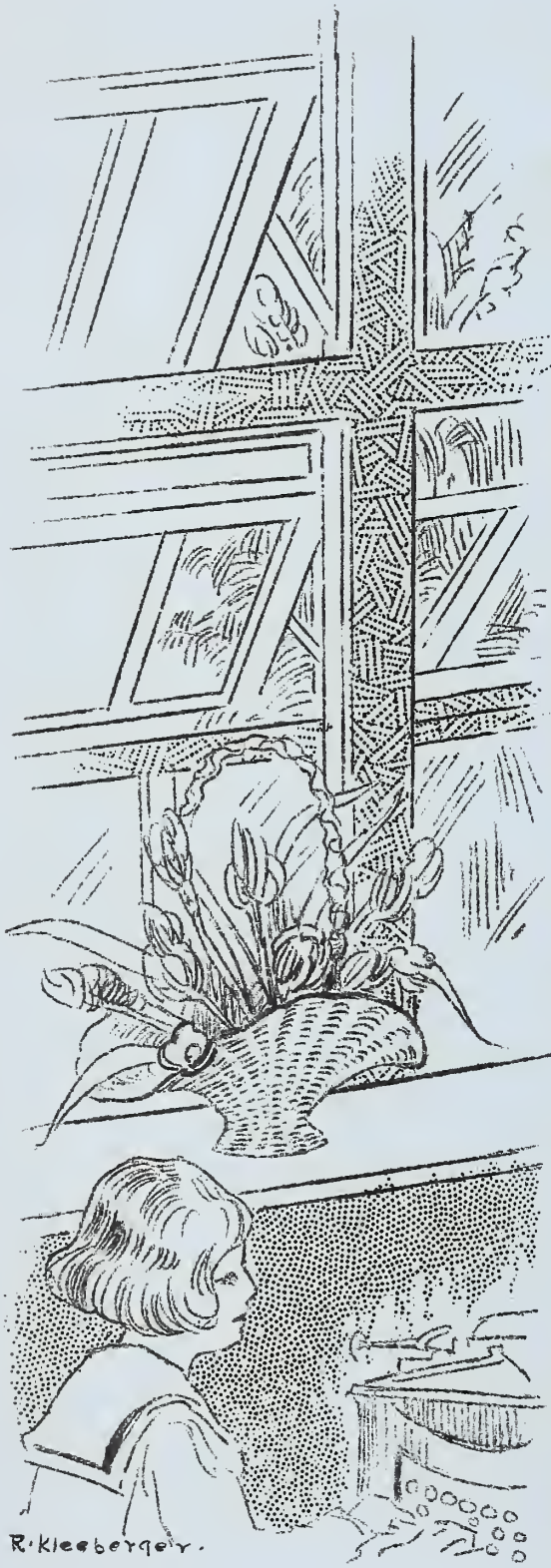
Mr. Preston, when a young boy, worked in a lumber camp in the state of Oregon to complete his education. He was known as "Jim Oregon." He was never afraid of any thing. He liked to think for himself and not take what other people said. He was a real man. When a boy in school, he wore funny clothes about which the children made smart remarks. But Mr. Preston was always able to take his own part.

Mr. Preston liked to be called "Pop" by the pupils of Burbank of whom he was very fond. He was in sympathy with the boys and girls, especially those in trouble. When a boy or girl would fail he felt as if he had failed too. He did not want the children to bring very much money for things at school. Sometimes he would walk to school to think things over. He helped all the boys and girls to be on the right side of their teachers. He always taught the right spirit to all the boys and girls at his school.

William Nofz, Dora Fontana, Lillian Shahwan, Fujie Matsuda
Minnie Rossetto, Paulina Gutierrez, Robert Hemphill H8

Preston, James T.	Principal
Standley, L. L. Successor to Mr. J. T. Preston	
Wilkes, Emma S.	Arith., Counselor
Willmann, H. Leo	M. Draw., Counselor
Smith Eila	Secretary
Albee, Frances C.	English
Athearn, Marion	English, History
Bennett, Carrie L.	Occu. History
Bordner, Daphne	Household Sc.
Brockliss, Grace E.	English, History
Cameron, Mary E.	General Science
Carlsen, Grover C.	Phys. Education
Derry, Sadie E.	Household Sc.
Fisk, Katharine	Household Arts
Frick, John J.	Manual Arts
Gilbert, P. Adele	Vocal Music
Glover, Virma M.	Arithmetic, History
Golden, Marie B.	Eng., Activities
Hobbs, Martin	Bandmaster
Kundy, Ernest	Drums
Martin, Dora L.	Latin, Algebra
Martin, Virginia	Eng., Hist., Arith.
McAllister, Eleanor	Librarian
McCaleb, Willis	Arith., Gen. Science
McDermont, Albert L.	Gen. Science
Minzyk, John	Woodwind
Most, Sarah R.	Fine Arts
Murphy, Kathyrn	Phys. Education
Robinson, Lucy	Arith., Opportunity
Santos, Louisa	Fine Arts, History
Schott, Victor	Orchestra
Skimmings, Jean E.	Arithmetic
Smith, Carrie	Arith., Eng., Science
Steinmetz, Esther	Vocal Music
Stewart, Jeanette	English, History
Streightif, Myra I.	English, History
Tomsen, Mary M.	Typewriting
Truman, Emily V.	English
Waugh, Ruth	English, History
Williams, Earl D.	Manual Arts
Williams, Henrietta	English, History
Wolfenden, Andrew M.	Bookkeeping





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H9"'	J. Bishop	L8"'	J. Heasell
H9""	J. Peabody	L8""	H. Sampson
H9""'	D. Cuneo	H7'	C. Anderson
L9'	C. Neustadter	H7"	E. Berndt
L9"	D. Romley	H7"'	V. Hansen
L9"'	H. DeLaRiva	H7""	M. Longrus
H8'	R. Mattingly	L7'	M. Becker
H8"	A. Aro	L7"	A. Pedersen
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More·matter·with·less·art

Shakespeare.

Editorials

THE WIZARD STAFF

THE WIZARD staff is composed of a representative from each class. Every Wednesday we are given a topic on which to write and then the editor-in-chief combines the different sentences that have been chosen as the best into one composition. Every editor has contributed one sentence at least to these editorials. There has been excellent cooperation and the staff is very proud of it.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. PRESTON

The heads of our students are bowed. The school is in sorrow. We have lost a wonderful friend. Our memory of Mr. Preston will always be that of a fine man always trying to help others, a man who was always ready to help us become better citizens.

He held many interests, but during the last year they have been chiefly concerned with our school band. Now, the school will do all within their power to carry out his wish. We shall never forget the friendly way in which he called us "My family."

HOW AND WHEN TO CLAP

One of the most important things to know is when to clap. When you are at a play that is very interesting and exciting you should not clap, for it disturbs other people. Clap at the end of the program. Do not clap just to make noise, or should you be the last one to stop. Clapping is usually to show your gratitude for how you enjoyed the number; therefore never clap before the number is finished. Never clap at a memorial program.

YOU CAN'T GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Do you do your homework? Do you study hard? If you want honors you must earn them. In your school work, you must earn your marks. Good marks are only made by earnest study. If you copy someone's paper you are cheating only yourself. You are trying to get something for nothing. People sometimes think that when they see an "ad" in the paper: "Buy a suit and you get a pair of pants free," that it sounds like a wonderful bargain, but you may be sure that you can't get something that is worth while in such an easy way.

IS THERE ONE LIKE HIM IN YOUR CLASS?

All he does is make trouble. He is a smart boy and has the ability to learn, but the whole situation is that he is too lazy. Play is his long suit. He will play all through life till some hard blow wakes him up. As soon as the teacher leaves the class, he is the one that makes the racket. He will throw those horrid wads of paper around. He will pick rows with his neighbor. Yes, he certainly is a burden to the class. The thought of a career has never entered his mind. He laughs at failures. His class mates are always too busy for a lazy boy. I ask you, "Is there one like him in your class?"

A WORD A DAY

The Low Nine one class have found it very interesting to learn one new word a day. Every day each member of the class brings in a new word which he has found in his reading. We put the selected words in our composition books, arranging the them in alphabetical order. Then we give the words definitions, and use them in sentences, so we shall become familiar with them. We try to remember these words and use them in our daily conversation. Each class in this school would profit by the example of this class.

IS BLUFFING WORTH WHILE

Bluffing is certainly not worth while because in the end the truth is revealed and all the bluffing is of no value to you. Some pupils go to school having their lessons prepared, but others try to bluff their way through. In school you want grades that you have honestly worked for. You never get anywhere by bluffing. Always do things in the right way, and you will have nothing to regret.

OUR IDEA OF SUCCESS

Success never comes uninvited. It is always obtained by hard work. By thinking you can do a thing, you are helped toward success. We can't all be people who give commands, but we can be the best ones to take orders. When a person has overcome what is almost an impossibility, he has surely been successful.

IDLENESS

When idle in your school room think of that saying: "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle." That was said by Benjamin Franklin. We should all be ashamed to catch ourselves idle in our school room or at home.

Idleness is a waste of time. When in school we could be doing our home work or class-work and at home we could be working around the house. Try not to be idle, and never put off until tomorrow what can be done to-day.

GREETING OUR NEW PRINCIPAL

On February 11, 1930, when we were just nearing the end of our Lincoln Day assembly, Dr. Smith arose and introduced our new principal, Mr. Standley. We are pleased at having him, although we miss Mr. Preston.

Mr. Standley has been unusually successful in his former positions. He has fine recommendations, for he has been superintendent, principal, and teacher of several schools and has had much experience with boys and girls. He has also been connected with local school work since 1927. Let us give Mr. Standley our true Burbank support and make him feel at home in the best school in Berkeley.

GIRLS WEAR CLEAN MIDDIES AND RED TIES

Middies are very attractive, especially if they are clean and decorated with red ties. Girls, nowadays, have no excuse for not being clean. They can launder their own middies and ties if they really want to keep up the good standard of Burbank.

A meeting of girls looks dignified when the girls are properly dressed. It is much nicer to have visitors come and see us when we are all in uniform. The next time you buy a tie, let it be a red one, as red ties make everything seem brighter. Every one compliments the girls when they are well groomed.

NEW RAINCOATS FOR THE TRAFFIC BOYS

How would you like to stand in the rain? In pleasant weather our traffic boys are arrayed in their red sweaters and yellow caps. However they must undergo all kinds of weather and have needed for sometime some kind of protection, so, during the rainy season of last winter, the school bought new yelow raincoats for the traffic officers. On them they have stamped B. J. T. O., which means Burbank Junior Traffic Officers. Their coats are bright and so there isn't any excuse for any one's saying, "I didn't see them." When one is dressed well, he does his work better, and this is true with the traffic boys. They have worked hard and deserve the new uniform.

Wizard Staff

HIGH NINE GRADUATES

BACK ROW---*Left to Right*

Frank Guelfo, Clayton Evans, Joseph Miguel, Anton DeGennaro, Charles Holstein, Albert Lindberg, Elmer Olofson, Howard Bush
Stanley Roth, Vernon Frere, John Koot, Edward Regallie, Emile Turpin, Richard Tucker, Harry Attfield, Leonard Vinn, Charles Winters

FIRST ROW FROM BACK---*Left to Right*

John Pyle, Arthur Greene, Robert Harbarth, Robert Shoemaker, Lauri Linotti, Lloyd Martin, Joseph Cannata, Wilfred Valente
Herbert Horton, John Vinn, John Vallerga, Raymond Youngblood, Herman Enge, John Borcher, Alfred Johnson

SECOND ROW FROM BACK---*Left to Right*

William Dawson, Norman McCall, James Kness, Fred Koivisto, Maurice Goodnough, Irvin Thorogood, Richard Whitmer, Charles Krausch
Charles Amesbury, Gino Marchieski Charles Johnston, Oiva Nurmela, Mike Poostovoi, Archie Kroll, John Peabody, Clare Cooley

THIRD ROW FROM BACK---*Left to Right*

Raymond Campbell, Raymour Johnson, Curtis Kenney, William Dowling, James Tolley, George Lawrence, Joseph Christiana, Sumner Brackett
Vance Wagener, George Nilson, Harry Loss, James Valentini, John Diaz, Joseph Lema, Alfred Arnsten

FIRST ROW---*Left to Right*

Andrew Kajfez, Louis Rhea, George Soo, Edward Maki, James Alexander, Allen Nelson, Robert McKenna, Edward Pugh,
Ralph Kleeberger, Elmer Lueckfeld, Walter Farrand, Mike Kiefer, Billy Most

HIGH NINE GRADUATES

BACK ROW—*Left to Right*

Anna Steiner, Mary Turturice, Amy Norris, Dorothy Scott, Irene Holm, Helen Hamala, Phylis Olson, Edna Ames, Marada Stalling
Aliene Wilkes, Ellen Sunila, Lorraine Weidinger, Ione Hudson, June Bouldin, Ruth Colver

SECOND ROW FROM BACK—*Left to Right*

Bertha Maki, Beatrice Pradia, Evelyn Valen, Edna Almy, Helen Propp, Marion Harris, Camille Wordsworth, Charlene Kinser, Joanne Elliot
Elizabeth Irons, Jane Holden, Lila Aho, Lucille Spenger, Doreen Hill, Lola Taylor

THIRD ROW FROM BACK—*Left to Right*

Mildred Forsell, Jeanette Bishop, Sylvia Sairanen, Aileen Hendershot, Helen Moniz, Eileen Wilson, Ellen Lateana, Carol French
Mary Nemo, Ardella Lyon, Eleanor Straube, Helen Silva, Elaine Gachis, Adaline Smith, Charlotte Green

FOURTH ROW FROM BACK—*Left to Right*

Alma Wetton, Catherine Shirley, Doris Cook, Dorothy Schreck, Florence Silva, Rose Andreani, Dorothy Marshall, Patricia Hafey
Annie Oliver, Claire Soo, Esther Hall, Julia Valenzano, Marie Simoncini, Mary Klier, Lena Pescio, Viola Beyer, Thelma Rogers

FIRST ROW—*Left to Right*

Adelaide Encalada, Clara Silva, Ada Valentini, Dorothy Cuneo, Sadie Luokkala, Christine Robinson, Alis Smallwood, Alice Tsukamoto

Great · things · are · simple

Emerson

Literary

OUT OF THE BLUE

Today Mr. Felix's clothes were the same old Dutch sea costume. The suit, being quite big for him, made him look rather stout. It was worn in places and it showed age. There were some patches on the knees. On his head was a small, white sailor hat, decidedly clean.

As I was leaving for the market, I could hear a sharp, loud laugh ringing in the air. It was Mr. Felix's laugh. I decided for a minute to return into the house, for I hated to meet him. On second thought I determined to meet him today and hear some of his interesting remarks. I then descended the stairs.

Along he came on his bicycle. I kind of smiled to myself at seeing him, for he did look queerer than usual.

He opened the conversation with a meek voice and said, "Good afternoon." I gave him the same afternoon greeting. Then I asked why he had been so busy in the house that week.

He stood abashed at this question. He then wished to be excused. He muttered something under his breath, and then gave a quick, sharp reply of which I could make out little. He rode away on his bicycle, and I went to my marketing.

The next morning I was weeding the garden. Everything seemed to be so quiet next door that I went over to the front door and knocked. No one came, so I went around the little path to the back of the house. I was going to knock at the back door but found it was opened. I walked in, but there was no furniture or anything around. I ran from room to room, calling, but never did I find Mr. Felix.

I am still wondering why Mr. Felix went away. Where he went, I can never tell.

Florence Gimbel L9

THE JOYS OF A STORMY DAY

Somehow or other, on a stormy day, a person is not comfortable, unless he is settled in a cozy nook, or a deep roomy chair with a very interesting book to read; then all his troubles and worries quickly take flight. When a person is in that mood he feels so safe from the outside world of rain, snow and wind, that often drowsiness creeps upon him, and before he realizes it, he is sound asleep.

Another thrilling occupation for a rainy day is to explore the attic; that is if the rain doesn't come through the roof. Only a person of an exploring disposition, will find joy in amusing himself in this way.

It is always pleasant to sit down and rest, especially to a person who knows he doesn't have to get up in an hour or more and peel potatoes, or wash the dishes. There is many an individual that prefers the storm to last all his rest period, and clear up after that if it pleases. Another person will prefer to go outside immediately after the storm-clouds roll away and the sun comes shyly into the world. A person like that, I am sure, likes to see the rain-drops on everything, and feel that the whole world has been cleansed. So there are many joys that an individual can find on a stormy day; even if he is nearly broken down with troubles.

Eileen Wilson H9

MY CONSCIENCE

I think that when Old Mother Nature gave me a conscience she thought it was necessary for me to have one so that I would regret when I had done wrong, and brood over it. Whether anyone else knows I have done wrong or not, my conscience always knows and constantly bothers me until I have done something right to make up for the wrong. Having my conscience bother me is worse than any other punishment.

My conscience never sleeps. I can't get away from it. Sometimes I think I can just forget the wrong thing I have done and make up for it by not doing that again, but my conscience won't let me forget. I try to do other things but my conscience keeps saying, "You have not made amends for the wrong thing you did yesterday. You must make amends! You must make amends!"

It is my conscience that tells me the difference between right and wrong. It is my guide, and when I don't follow it, trouble occurs and I know my conscience is clouded. Whether my conscience hurts me or not depends upon me, because I have learned that when I do what my conscience tells me is right, it never bothers me.

Sometimes my conscience is a nuisance and I wish I didn't have one but, when I remember the number of times it has kept me out of trouble by giving me good advice, I think, "Conscience, you are a real friend and I'm glad I can't get rid of you!"

L8' Class

THE FIRST OF APRIL

This is a day for all the fools;
It is observed at all the schools.
Many children say,
It's April Fool's Day.
Almost everybody's in it,
There is one born every minute.
So be careful what you do,
Or a trick will turn on you;
Though the trick won't be so new,
Still you won't feel very cool
To think that you're a fool.

Roy Dixon L9

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE

Swish! Splash! Whir! This was all that could be heard, for water was over all the boat. Even the waves would come inside the boat. What a terrible feeling! It certainly felt as if your heart were in the pit of your stomach.

The storm lasted eight days. One day the waves came into the boat. Another day we were iced in, and for six days we were tossed about like a chip of wood. Such were the conditions and experience which I went through--an experience I hope never to encounter again.

You certainly can imagine the commotion this storm caused. Women, children, and even men were scurrying hither and thither, seeking shelter in their staterooms for fear of catching cold. Sickness was bound to come.

Days passed and new ones came. Was this storm ever going to end? Seven days passed and on the morning of the eighth day the sea grew calm. The wind lessened its speed. Was the storm really at an end? Yes, it was and you could certainly notice the cheerfulness which spread over the ship. All that day the sea was calm and now progress was better.

Then in the early morning of the next day we sailed into New York harbor. At last the shore of our great America was reached which but a year and one-half ago we had left.

George Oier L8

SPRING

We welcome the spring,
The birds that sing,
The April showers,
Bringing May flowers,
Bees humming around,
With their happy sound,
Children, feeling so sprightly,
With the sun shining so lightly.
The gardens are so green
With such beautiful sheen.

Mildred Longrus H7

Those who mind some one else's business seldom mind their own.

Marie Vidolin L8

A GREAT AMBITION

It was a sunny day in June when my brother and I, both aged about five years, sat on the porch trying to think of what we wanted to be when we grew up. As I glanced up I saw our neighbor painting his house. What if we should become painters? Not like our neighbor, but paint pretty pictures. We then set our hearts on that idea. Of course, we needed practice and we remembered that father had some funny colored stuff that looked like dry paint. We recalled seeing him mix it with his plaster to make different tints for walls. We picked out our color, which was a flaming Indian red. We took two buckets so that each might have one and filled them full of water, then poured in this "beautiful" color. After stirring the paint around for about fifteen minutes, we were ready, but we had no brushes. We knew where to find them, though, for father's garage always had everything in it we wanted. For one-half hour we ransacked the garage and finally came upon two dash brushes that were just the things!

Then came the problem. Where should we paint? The back of the garage was just the place where nobody would find us.

With much hard work we carried the buckets to our "destination." There we started our career. Making circles, drawing funny unusual flowers, making odd and curious animals, men and houses, and at the same time painting ourselves, we certainly were having a fine time. Suddenly, we heard mother call. We looked at each other. Just as mother came around the back of the garage, we saw our work of art in a different way. She just stood there for a minute staring at us, but the next minute there was action. Mother grabbed us both and took us into the house. First, came the spanking and then came the washing, which was just as bad as the spanking. To make matters worse mother washed us with gasoline and even that didn't help. Next she put us to bed, declaring that she would tell father in the morning.

Alma Rohde L9

Vacation time has come!
We yearn for woods and shady spots,
For blazing fields where rabbits run,
For mountains where the river falls and drops.

Hewitt Rentfrow L9

Time, tide, and teachers wait for no man.--Jackson Gillam L8

SPRING

The little blossoms are beginning to peep;
It is the end of their winter sleep.
The robin is singing his sweet spring song,
Telling that the winter has gone.
The sun is shining brightly each day,
Now that winter has gone on its way.

Helen Kemp H8

A SCRAMBLED JUMP

One day my brother and I were playing in the barns. Father had just stacked the barn high with hay. My brother Donald suggested that we see who was the bravest by jumping off the rafters into the hay. I was willing, so we started for the rafters that were high up, nearly to the roof. After a hard climb we were up on the highest. When I looked down, I held my breath because the top of the hay looked farther down than it really was. Donald jumped off first. After he had reached a good standing place, he called up to me to hurry and jump. He said I was afraid. I wanted to shout I wasn't. I held my breath and jumped. I felt as if I never would reach the hay. The hay was so soft that I was buried in it about three feet. In scrambling out something cracked beneath me. I felt about and found I had fallen into a nest of eggs! I managed to climb out of the hay. My brother looked at me and shrieked with laughter. I was a sight, with hay in my hair and smears of egg on my dress and stockings. I heard a loud cackling and looking around I saw the hen that had laid the eggs. She was cackling and scolding me, for I had smashed all her carefully hidden eggs.

Adeline Speed L8

TO BE ABLE TO FLY

Wouldn't it be wonderful
To be able to fly;
Over the seas and through the clouds
And up into the sky.
To see the world and people and things
By the aid of great white wings.

Virginia Dann L9

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

In a wonderful place,
 All snuggled between
Great mountains so rugged
 And hills so green,
Lies a wonderful valley,
 The best place on earth,
A land of sunshine,
 The place of my birth.

A river winds through it,
 So long and so wide
Where the fish like to play
 And the sunbeams to hide,
Where the grain is tossed
 By the playful breeze
And the poppies are spread
 Among the tall trees.

Charlene Kinser H9

THE BABY BIRD'S FIRST STORM

Crash! Down went the limb, nest, and all. It was such a windy, stormy day. On the ground were five, wee, fluffy, baby birds, crouching under their mother's wings. All the baby birds were hungry and the mother bird couldn't leave them because the father bird hadn't come home yet. Would the storm never die down?

At last the storm did subside somewhat and mother bird ventured out to find her husband and something to eat. She had gone quite far when she heard a familiar "meow!" A hungry cat must be after her baby birds. She hurried back to find her husband bravely defying the cat. Luckily the cat's mistress called him, so he hurried to her, leaving the birds safe.

The storm passed and the sun was coming up. Father bird became very busy finding enough worms for his hungry babies, while mother bird was busy trying to soothe the ruffled feelings of the small birds. Although they had to build another nest in a stronger tree, they were very thankful for having escaped the two horrid disasters. The sunny morning was made more cheerful by the sweet, thankful songs that they sang.

Doris Marshall L7

THE OAKLAND AIRPORT

One bright, sunny, summer day in June I visited the Oakland Airport. I leaned against the fence and watched the different types and makes of airplanes take to the air and come down again. Soon it became boring; it was all the same: take off, climb, circle, come down, over and over again, so I began an informal inspection of the hangars.

The mailplane hangars were fenced in so I had to try the others. I finally found one that permitted spectators. A mechanic was adjusting a "prop." Several men were tinkering around their private planes, but several were unattended so I went over to them. One had a loose cover over the cock-pit so I looked in. The instruments fascinated me so I climbed in, pulled the cover, and began to pretend I was flying. Soon I was moving the stick rudder bars with agility, but just when I was about to put it into a power-dive a big hand reached in and grabbed me by the collar. I was yanked out, and told to get out and stay out. Much to my sorrow, I didn't get to go to the airport for a long time afterwards.

Allan Nelson H9

May brings out the last call of spring.
Birds and bees in harmony ring;
Blossoms and flowers their odors bring
And the perfumed sensations about us cling.

George Steinbrunner L9

MY PET

My pet is a dog named Laddie. Laddie is a gentle dog. If you scold him, he will give you his paw and beg. When my mother scolds me, he stands in front of me and barks. If I play with the cat and don't pay any attention to him, he will come and push me with his nose in order to gain my attention. But don't think Laddie is an angel! He chases the cats and chickens, fights with the dog next door, and tears up all the clothes he can find. One day my mother hung the laundry on the line to dry. When she went to bring it in, she found two sheets missing. Later we found the sheets on the front lawn. They were dirty and torn. Laddie had been up to his old tricks.

Oliver Lowe L7

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

A tug at the bridle,
A cheer from the crowd!
The race has begun;
The applause is loud.
The jockeys are riding
Like Paul Revere.
Losing the race
Is the one great fear.
They skim o'er the turf
At cyclonic speed.
"I must win this race"
Is each jockey's creed.
The audience rises;
Excitement is tense,
As graceful horses
Leap over the fence.
The green turf is muddy
From many a hoof,
As horses sweep by
With heads high aloof.
As the home stretch is sighted,
The speed is increased.
The crowd has arisen;
Talking has ceased.
The Derby is ended
And a jockey so proud
Stares at the camera
'Mid cheers from the crowd.
In winning the Derby
It pays to be first,
For the horse has his oats
And the jockey his purse.

Renee Mattingly H8

MY KITTEN

I have a little kitten that's very fond of play.
He likes to sit upon my back and fool my time away.
When t'is time to clean the flat, or do some other task,
I'm in the garden, out in back, with pussy on my lap.

Vivian A. Williams L8

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER

Thank You, God, for flowers,
The sweet and fragrant posies,
The shy blue-eyed for-get-me-nots,
The vivid, blushing roses.
Thank You for the birdies
Who trill their sweetest tune;
Thank You for the sunshine
And for the silvery moon.
Thank You for the balmy breeze
That blows the kites on high.
Thank You for the lovely trees,
Towering to the sky.
Thank You for the sandy beach
And for the ocean blue,
That rolls about, and tosses
The captain and his crew.
And thank You for my home,
The happiest place on earth,
That's always filled with laughter
And echoes joy and mirth.
Thanks again for Buster,
Our dog, and household pet,
Even if he chews my shoes,
And licks my face all wet.
Thank You too for Tomboy,
Our great big alley cat,
Who gets the cream off all my milk;
No wonder that he's fat.
Thank You for most everything,
The trees, the flowers, the sea,
The sun and moon and birds,
And the little honey bee,
But most of all I thank You,
For the life you've given me.

Renee Mattingly H8

AN EASTER EGG HUNT

Bobby was up bright and early Easter morning. Bobby's idea was to see where the eggs were hidden, as there was going to be an Easter egg hunt in the park.

He climbed up in the trees where no one could see him.

After a little while up drove a big car, and some people stepped out. In their hands they had big baskets of Easter eggs. They went into the park and started to hide the eggs, with Bobby watching all the while. When they were finished, they stepped into the car and drove away.

"Well," sighed Bobby, "I'll find them all this afternoon." The afternoon passed quickly to the satisfaction of Bobby. When he arrived at the park many children were already there, and the hunt had begun. Of course, Bobby knew where the eggs were hidden and so he found about all of them.

He was about to go home when he noticed a little boy who had no eggs. Bobby wished to give the boy some eggs, yet he did not wish to part with them. After a few minutes of thought, he went up to the boy and gave him half of the eggs.

That night when Bobby went home, he was very happy, as he had made another child happy also.

June Norden L7

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Betty Jane of today would have much competition to reach the standard of Betty Jane of yesterday. Many times girls hear grandmother or mother saying, "What is this younger generation coming to?"

Why grandmother turns simply horrified when she sees Betty Jane trying to beautify herself with powder, rouge, and lipstick. When she was a girl she never would have thought of disgracing herself in such a manner. All her ways were prim and proper.

Grandmother went riding in a buggy drawn by a slow horse, while daughter takes dad's car and drives through all sorts of traffic. When grandmother was a girl, she went to a party maybe once a month, but daughter goes at least once a week.

Daughter goes swimming in a backless bathing suit which is very light weight. Grandmother's bathing suit was as heavy as a coat.

Grandmother never played games. She stayed at home and did sewing, but the daughter of today seems to spend very little time at home, liking rather activities of all kinds that take her out of doors.

Elsie Bloom L9

Don't frown when you lose. Smile it out!--Otto Anderson L8

Even if the hill is steep, keep going.--Betty Brown L8

WHEN THEY WERE BOYS AND GIRLS

Clara Barton when she was a young girl liked to help others. She liked to take care of the sick. Her brother David was ill for many months and Clara nursed him. From that time on she made up her mind to be a nurse. During the Civil War she would work day and night on the battlefield taking care of the wounded. At the close of the war Miss Barton thought there should be a Red Cross organization started in the U. S. After much hard work in 1882, an American Red Cross was begun. Miss Barton was able to bring this about because she learned to do little things well.

Robert Dollar started his career by working in a lumber camp. When he was twenty-one years old he took fifty men to drive logs down the Columbia River. This was a hard task for one so young but he succeeded so well that he was made foreman. All the time he worked in the camp he was reading and studying. He believed that there was a chance to sell lumber to China. He put all his savings in a lumber boat and began to trade along the coast, always dreaming of trading with the Orient. By hard work and careful saving he made money. He started the famous Robert Dollar Steamship Co. with one fleet sailing from Alaska to Panama, another fleet sailing across the Pacific Ocean, and today he has a fleet of passenger ships sailing around the world. Mr. Dollar when interviewed a short time ago said that he had five simple rules which will make any boy successful if he follows them. "Fear God, be honest, work hard, save money, use no intoxicants."

Ada Valentini, Ione Hudson, Dorothy Cuneo
Elmer Lueckfeld, Harry Attfield H9

Health brings beauty which is more than skin deep.
--M. Vidolin L8

SPRING FAIRIES

The fairies dance upon the lawn,
With steps as soft as light;
They feel the tiny grasses grow,
All in the silent night.

They chase the golden butterflies,
Or stroke their dappled wings;
And whirl with them among the flowers
Around their fairy rings.

They help the little buttercup
To lift her golden head,
And gently rake the earth away
So she may rise from bed.

They flutter round the rainbow, where
Its colors flash and play,
To catch the colors with their wings
Before they fade away.

Lila Aho H9

It takes no experience to be a boy but it takes much practice to be a good one.--Bill Brown L8

WHEN I WON THE RACE

Once some girls and I went on a picnic. We went to the woods, but on arriving we could not decide where we would like to eat our lunch. The grass was green; even the trees had already begun to show their green leaves. Every spot was beautiful. While we were eating our lunch, the girls said, "Look at all that crowd of people over there!"

The other girls said, "Let's go and see what has happened."

We ran toward the crowd. Just as we arrived there, we heard some one say, "I wonder who will win the race."

Then one of the girls said, "Let us run in the race."

I answered, "No, I have high heels."

One of the girls insisted on my taking my shoes off and running in my stockings.

I said, "That is a good idea." I took my shoes off and went to get in line. Some of the girls laughed at me, but I did not care. The man fired the gun and we dashed forward. First I was running even with three or four girls. Then I ran a little faster. I passed two girls. One girl was still beside me. I then succeeded in running a little faster and passed her. I could see the white tape. The people were still. Everything was quiet. Before I knew it, I had broken the tape. I had won the race, and the prize was a wrist watch.

Eulalia Sanchez L7

The work you do is more valuable than the money you receive for doing it.--Betty Brown L8

BELATED SPRING

Mr. Robin Redbreast hopped about on the old apple tree where he and Mrs. Robin planned to build their new house. "Who would have expected to find Jack Frost still here? And to think, my dear, he has spread his big white blanket over everything! There's no chance to get a worm, nor anything to eat! Pity we had not stayed where we were warm and comfortable!"

"Look!" cried Mrs. Robin, jumping up. "See, a little girl is throwing food from the window of that house. How fast the sparrows are flying there! Let us go too."

"I don't blame them for scolding," said the old apple tree. "Here I have had all my leaves ready to send out this long while, but Jack Frost kept hanging around. If he stays much longer I shall have to work very hard to get my rosy apples."

"Oh, how tiresome this is!" complained the blades of grass. "We have been trying for days and days to get our heads up, but old Jack Frost stamped all over the ground and it is so hard we can never poke through."

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast came back to the old apple tree feeling much refreshed from their good breakfast of bread crumbs. A warm ray of sunlight broke through the dark heavy clouds.

"Do not worry any more," said the sunbeam; "Jack Frost is afraid of my family. We shall drive him away."

True to its promise the sunbeam brought help. Jack Frost made haste to gather up his cold white blanket and slink away. The birds began to sing. What a busy time they had searching for straw, bits of string, and other odds and ends with which to build their new homes!

Up through the softened earth darted the young blades of grass, covering all the bare places with a rich green carpet.

Down in the hollow of the apple tree Mr. and Mrs. Robin Redbreast were busy building a snug cozy nest. "Even if it is late," exclaimed Mrs. Robin, "we ought to be thankful for this location. See how near we are to those fine cherry trees."

Lila Aho H9

Setting suns are sights of old
Which do look like pots of gold.

Charlotte Baker L9

A TRIP TO THE CIRCUS

I have been to the circus only once in my life, but if I never go again, I shall remember it always.

My brother was going one day with some boys and I wanted to go along. He said I couldn't come because I was too little. My uncle overheard the conversation and decided to take me, much to my delight. We went and procured box seats, which were $1.00, and my brother was sitting in the $.25 seats.

Having got "even" with my brother, I turned my attention to the show. First came the clowns, performing their amusing antics, and then the strong men lifting amazing loads. Next came the wonderful trapeze performers. Most of the time you were expecting them to fall off the swings. Soon I tired of watching them; I turned my attention to the hot dog I was eating, and again my brother was jealous. The next thing on the program were the elephants which must have been highly trained to do such stunts as they did.

Last of all came the chariot races. I think I liked those the best. Anyone who has an imagination knows why the ancient Romans liked chariot races so much.

I could not have thought of any better way to spend an enjoyable afternoon than at a circus.

George Lawrence H9

SPRING

The cattle are out in pasture,
The brooklet begins to flow,
The ice has been melted for many a day,
And there is no longer snow.

Plants from the brown earth are peeping,
The flowers are starting to bloom,
Mother Nature has finished her sleeping,
And her flowers brighten up the gloom.

Spring is the nicest time of the year,
Mother Nature is in her prime;
She is so busy making everything clear,
In this beautiful spring time.

Ruth Kindle H8

A DUTCH MEETING

"Captain," which was the only name he was known by, was a Dutch seaman. He had traveled all over the globe. Whenever he was seen, he always wore a broad smile that seemed to be painted on. Nobody dared to cast any insinuations about him, for he had a good pair of fists and he knew how to use them.

Captain had not been on a voyage for about three years, but he had been thinking of taking a voyage around the Horn, a trip he had never made. After many weeks he was finally able to collect a crew and in May 1917 he began the voyage.

After six weeks on the ocean they came in sight of land. They dropped anchor to await the morning.

In the morning, which was a clear but cold one, the Captain prepared to land, but meanwhile he observed a ship to the leeward. He became very excited when he beheld the ship.

The crew were rather suspicious because they had thought something was queer about the voyage from the beginning because the Captain had been acting rather mysteriously. Captain instantly ordered a ship lowered and his first mate to accompany him. When they reached the ship's side they read the name of the ship, "The Flying Dutchman." The first mate became panicky, but Captain was peculiarly calm. He ordered the mate to remain in the boat and to be on guard while he explored the ship. After an hour's waiting, the mate began to grow curious. He suddenly heard two shots and a scream. Now very much alert, he clambered aboard the ship. There he found the Captain lying face downwards on the deck. At first he thought he was dead, but it was only a faint. When the sailors brought him to, he was murmuring, "I've seen him; I've seen him."

The sailor persuaded the Captain to tell him what he had seen. These two were the only ones who knew the full story.

They rowed back to their ship and hoisted anchor to move farther on to satisfy the rest of the crew. Captain had no more longing to stay at sea. Three days later they sailed for Holland. The return voyage took ten weeks because of a heavy storm in which they were almost wrecked.

When they at last reached Holland, the captain constantly talked of the big ship, "The Flying Dutchman."

Though everyone listened with interest and eagerly circulated the tale, they were not convinced of its truth. After so much ridicule the Captain disposed of his ship and packed up his belongings and left Holland for America.

After reaching America he continued on to San Francisco where he still lives. The people there think him queer but he does not seem to be aware of it.

John Martinson L9

BURBANK SONG

To Burbank School we are loyal,
Loyal as the stars above;
Striving to do what is good and true,
All for the school we love.
We'll sing thy praises forever.
Faithful to thee we'll prove,
And where e'er we go
We shall always show
That we're students of Burbank School.

Bill Brown L8

SUCH A DINNER AT THE AGE OF EIGHT!

One day no one was at home except my brother and me. I thought I would surprise my father and mother by cooking the dinner. I wondered what there was in the house to cook. I found some carrots and potatoes. Then I sent my brother to the corner store for some steak. While he was gone, I put the vegetables on. When I went to meet my brother, he said, "Do I smell something burning?" I went back and looked in the kitchen. The carrots were burning. I turned the cold water over them. While I was frying the steak, I set the table and forgot the meat. It started to burn, so I took it off and cut all the burned part off and fried it again.

Then my folks came home. My mother was glad that dinner was ready, and my father said, "I am proud of you."

While we were eating, my brother asked, "Do you like the burned carrots and meat?"

I said, "Why did you tell them they were burned?"

My father said to my brother, "Maybe it was you who made her burn them. You should have gone out of the house and left her alone."

Mother spoke up and said, "Yes, I think if she were alone she would learn how to cook better, but it's a good dinner for such a little girl to cook."

Eleanor Johnson L9

HELPFUL HOBBIES

There are many hobbies which absorb our leisure time. Not all of these hobbies are useful or helpful to us. There are some which increase our knowledge of everyday things as well as give us pleasure, for instance the hobby of collecting wild flowers and pictures of wild animal life. These are hobbies which anyone who loves the beautiful things of life would enjoy. Such hobbies increase our knowledge of nature and augment our interest in life.

Another hobby, which is very useful as well as enjoyable, is the art of reading. We can travel farther, see more, and learn more by sitting down and reading a good book than we can by traveling for a month on the finest steamship in the world. Reading increases our knowledge of character and gives a better and broader view of life.

Hobbies are good and hobbies are bad. It is best to choose a helpful one.

Virginia Dann L9

THE BLESSINGS OF RADIO

As twilight was casting her shadows across the evening sky the "Manaloha" was steaming towards San Francisco, quite unaware of approaching danger. The passengers, carelessly gay, had no suspicion of the misfortune which was to come to them.

Off by himself, in a room filled with switches, buttons, and levers, a man was giving his closest attention to the voices of the air. Very probably he did not realize the important service which he was to perform for the passengers of his ship.

Everything was peaceful and quiet. Then, almost without warning, the ship burst into flames: long, devouring tongues of flames which consumed the very heart of the boat, as the crew and passengers worked hard to save themselves.

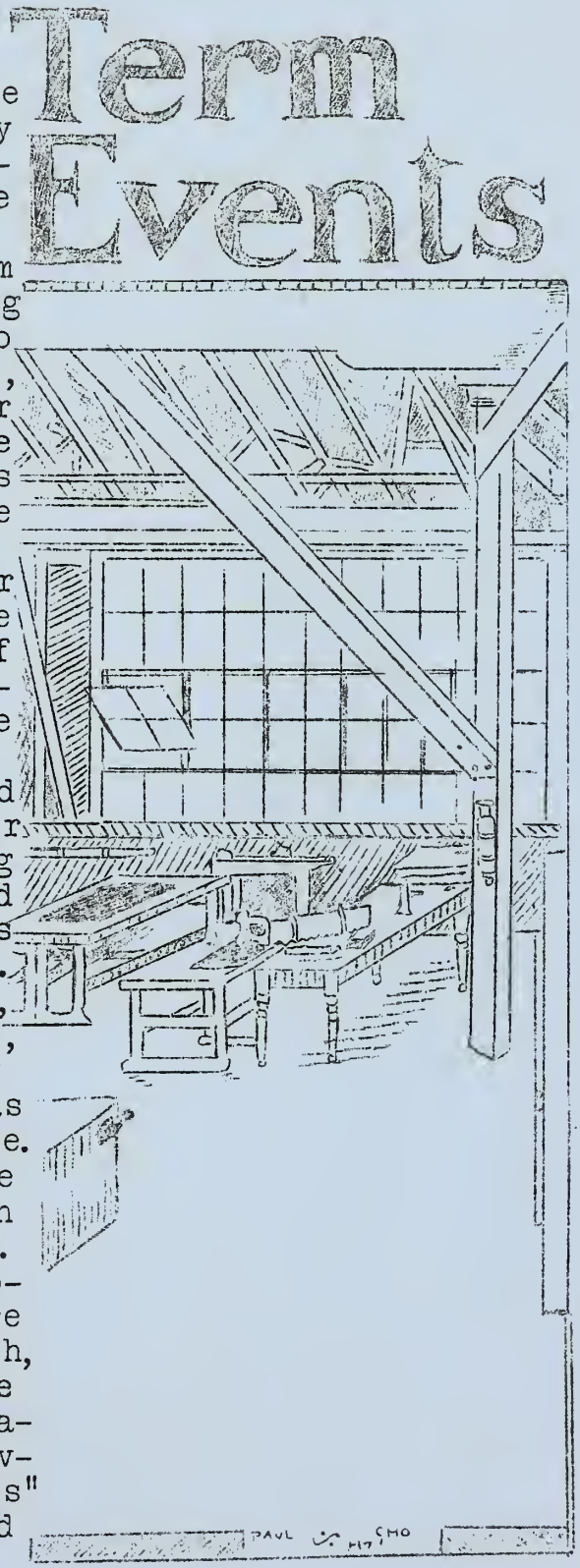
While there was much excitement on deck, the lone man in his "shack" was calmly doing his utmost to control the air, to make it carry his message out to all who might hear.

Far away, with her sails outspread like the wings of a big bird, the "Casita" was travelling towards Hawaii.

As the message, which the operator of the burning ship sent out, sped through the air, another radio-operator on board the "Casita" heard, and then heeded its prayer, and all the people, adrift in open boats, were rescued.

Edna Collins H7

JUNIOR ASSEMBLY TERM EVENTS



Thursday afternoons are set aside for the seventh grade pupils to enjoy a few moments together in the auditorium. Would you like to know of some of their good times?

A "Getting Acquainted" program was held on January 9 for the incoming students. Greetings were extended to all by Frank Kiefer, student chairman, and announcements were made by our late principal, Mr. J. T. Preston. The Burbank Court and honors and awards were explained for the benefit of the new students.

A varied program of volunteer numbers was given on January 23. We wish to congratulate the members of the seventh grade on their fine spirit of cooperation, as shown by the long list of volunteers.

In place of the assembly planned for January 30, a memorial service for Mr. Preston took place the following day. An address of appreciation and understanding of our late leader's character was given by Dr. S. Hunter. Berkeley's superintendent of schools, Dr. L. W. Smith, spoke on the subject, "An Appreciation." Mr. D.L. Hennessey read his poem, "In Memoriam," which was followed by a moment of silent tribute.

Two very interesting films, "The Old Fiddler" and "Sailing the Horn with Magellan," were shown on Feb. 6.

For our Lincoln Day Memorial program, observed on February 11, we were favored with a talk by Miss Susan Smith, city librarian, who pointed out the likeness between Mr. Preston and Abraham Lincoln. They were both great lovers of books. "The Gettysburg Address" was recited by all the students, led by Katie Santos, student chairman.

On February 20, the L7" class furnished an appropriate program in observance of Washington's birthday. A short play called "The First Flag" was a success.

On March 6 the L7' and the L7" classes presented "The Plant Wizard," honoring Luther Burbank.

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" was portrayed in a film shown on March 20 and caused hearty laughter.

The H7"' class produced a play entitled "Lantern Light," on April 3.

The seventh grade students were well represented in the demonstrations and activities carried on by the school on the evening of April 25, when open house was held for the parents. There was a fine crowd in spite of the rain.

On May 15 there was a reception to the H6 classes of our neighboring schools. Our guests visited recitations of the low seventh graders. They were then entertained with a very humorous play, "False Pretenses," which was cleverly done by the H7' class. This was followed by refreshments and games in the gymnasium.

May 21 was an exciting day, as the Student Body election was held.

The newly elected officers were introduced on May 22. The rest of the time was given over to enjoying "The Burglar," a play produced by the Campfire Girls under the supervision of Mrs. Hawkins, their guardian, for the purpose of raising money for the club.

On June 5, the honors and awards in athletics, scholarship, and service were bestowed upon those who had earned them.

A closing-day program was given by the H7" class on June 6. A funny skit brought the junior assemblies to a pleasant close.

L7 Class

SENIOR ASSEMBLY TERM EVENTS

The two important features of the Senior Assembly on January 10 were the swearing in of our traffic boys by Mr. Brereton of the Berkeley Police Department, and an inspiring talk by Mr. Preston on "Looking Forward to Honors and Rewards."

On January 24 a musical program was given by June Holliday, Irene Simon, John Vinn, Charles Amesbury, Alfred Johnson, Ruth Multhauf, Vernon Frere, Esther Hall, Mildred Forsell, Thelma Rogers, Minerva Mannisto, and Cornelia Neustadter.

A memorial assembly in honor of our beloved Mr. Preston was called on January 31. Dr. Stanley Hunter spoke of the

fine things in life Mr. Preston stood for, and his deep love for his school boys and girls. Mr. D. L. Hennessey, principal of the Garfield School, read a beautiful poem he wrote as a memorial tribute. Dr. Lewis W. Smith, Superintendent of our Berkeley schools, addressed the students on "Our Appreciation." In closing, Mr. Preston's favorite song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was sung.

Our Lincoln Day program was given on February 11. Chaplain Albert of the U. S. Navy gave an interesting talk on the life of Lincoln.

The Washington's Birthday program was given on February 21 by the L8"' class.

At the assembly of March 7, conducted by the H8"' grade, a talk on Luther Burbank was given by Mr. W. J. McCaleb who was a personal friend of the great plant wizard. Matilda Ramos gave a talk on the James T. Preston pine tree. A play, "The Forest Pleaders," was shown.

On March 14, Mr. Howard Welty of Oakland Technical High School told us about Indian life and customs. We especially enjoyed his demonstration of the Indian sign language.

The Rivoli party on the evening of March 21 was a proud occasion for our band, as it was their first appearance in their striking new uniforms. They and the two glee clubs, as well as the picture "Flight" filled the theatre to its utmost capacity and netted the memorial band fund one hundred twenty dollars.

On March 28, the L9" class gave two plays: "The Chinese Nightingale" and "The Kelly Kid."

"Sir David Wears a Crown!" At least he wore one on Friday evening, April 11, when the combined H9"'-""-""' sections presented Stuart Walker's charming one-act play.

The cast of the play included Dorothy Schreck, Howard Bush, Lloyd Martin, Ione Hudson, William Dawson, Claire Soo, John Borcher, Laura Linotti, Charles Winters, Dorothy Marshall, Viola Beyer, Raymond Youngblood, Leonard Vinn, Aileen Hendershot, Herman Enge, William Dowling, Alma Wetton, Jeanette Bishop, Thelma Rogers, Sylvia Sairanen, Clara Silva, Florence Silva, Doris Cook, and Esther Hall.

On May 16 the domestic arts and science classes gave a "Fashion Show" and a scene, "Stepping Into Society."

On May 22 the L8" class assisted by members of Miss Santos's class presented a play based on a tale from Tennyson's "Idyls of a King" in which Gareth, the kitchen boy, became a knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

L8 Class

Fine · and · Applied · Arts ·

MUSIC

If it could be said that there was any one department of our school in which Mr. Preston was particularly interested it was the music department. He fully appreciated the value of music in all its phases and was anxious that the students, too, should feel that appreciation.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB, directed by Miss Gilbert, was one of Mr. Preston's many interests in the school and this term the club has been unusually successful. Any girl in the school may join and there are now about fifty members. The uniform required is a white middy and skirt, with a red tie.

The first engagement for the glee club was on March fourteenth, at the Rivoli Theater, to help to raise money to pay for the band uniforms. On the evening of April eleventh they sang at the program given by the high ninth classes. On April twenty-third they sang at the Elks' Club in Berkeley, and on April twenty-fifth, "Open House Night" at Burbank, they contributed to a program there. They are, also, to sing at the end of the term for the high ninth grade graduation exercises.

Some of the songs we have been singing this term are: "Fairy Revelry" by Gabriel-Marie, "Goodnight" by Johnstone, "A Big Brown Bear" by Manua Zuca, "Margy in an Apron Blue" by Hahn, and "Sing a Song of Sixpence" by Barnett.

Virginia Dann L9

THE SENIOR BOYS' GLEE CLUB, composed of eighth and ninth grade boys, meets on Monday of each week. We practice songs and two or three times each term we perform when requested.

The junior boys have an advantage over us in having more members, but we hope to be better than they in the songs. I suppose they are practicing hard to beat the seniors in their songs, or something of that sort, but they will find the seniors are working hard too. We expect a larger glee club next year, for we hope some of the juniors will be with us.

Hiroshi Endo H8

THE JUNIOR BOYS' CHORUS is composed of only seventh grade boys. They meet on Wednesday, the eighth period, in room two. The clubs separated because the older boys have low voices and the younger boys, higher voices. It is a great privilege to be in the club. We sing at different places. On April twenty-third we sang at the Elks' Club. There are thirty-five mem-

bers. At the election Ralph Boshion was made president.

There is a great chance before you if you can sing and will join the club.

Philip Antons H7

THE ORCHESTRA, under the splendid supervision of Mr. Victor Schott, has been very successful this term, for it not only did its own part well but helped the band by giving up practice time for the boys to be directed. Of course we all wished for the band's success in the contest in Sacramento and we were willing to give the band our time.

It has, indeed, been a busy term for us (the orchestra) but, while it was work, we won much success. We had to appear many times this term but two of the most important were for the play by Mrs. Golden's classes, "Sir David Wears a Crown," and the high ninth operetta, "The Dragon of Wu Foo," both very successful times.

We all know of the many times that children are unbearable and yet when they were so in the orchestra's time Mr. Schott simply waited.

May we have as much success next term as we have been having, and more.

Mary Shanahan L8

THE BAND have their long promised uniforms! The boys are proud of them and grateful to the faculty for their untiring efforts in getting them.

The arrival of the uniforms was rightfully celebrated at the Rivoli Theater on the evening of March fourteenth and the band made their first public appearance in uniform on that occasion. Both the uniforms and the music were considered a great success.

On April twenty-third the band gave a concert at the Elks' Club which was enthusiastically received. The following program was presented:

"Soldiers of the King March". . . . . .Parry
"Spirit of Youth Overture". . . . . Sordillo
"Adoration," a musical ode to the sun . . . . . Borowski
"NationallEmblem March" dedicated to the American flag .Bagley
"Mexicali Rose," trumpet duet . . . . . Tenney
rendered by John Vinn and Charles Amesbury

Early on the morning of April twenty-sixth the band left Berkeley to enter the annual state band contest at Sacremento. In all the splendor of new uniforms, and with hearts filled with hope, they left. In the shadow of disappointment, and

with hearts filled with sorrow, they returned. Another band had won the honors; but Burbank prides itself in being a good loser. Honest effort is always a gain. Better luck next time!

Martin Hobbs

THE DRAGON OF WU FOO, a Chinese operetta in two long acts, and illustrated in beautiful color and design was presented by the H9' and the H9" classes May eighth and ninth. The costumes were originated and designed by the H9 art class, and made by the H9 sewing class. We intended to produce only the best; that is, the classes put all their ability into the presentation.

Miss Fisk supervised the sewing division, seeing that all hems and edges were finished accurately. Mrs. Most was perhaps the chief helper besides the teachers who selected it. Mrs. Most put out attractive posters, with the aid of her classes, and she found designs with which to decorate the Chinese garments. Mrs. Most, also, instructed her art pupils were employed in this preparation, for it was a delicate piece of work. The dancing was conducted by the girls' gymnasium teacher, Mrs. Murphy. This perhaps was the most trying ordeal, for the boys may not have liked it. The singing was directed by Miss Gilbert. Every noon the soloists practiced, and in the regular music period the choruses were learned. These teachers all worked under the supervision and directions of Miss Truman, the high ninth grade English teacher. She was really responsible for the play and received the co-operation of all the teachers and characters participating in our operetta. Those in the casts were:

Lord High Mandarin of Wu Foo, Kai Sung
Frederick Koivisto, Robert Harbarth
His confidential Secretary, Ho Tong-Irvin Thorogood, John Diaz
Lord High Keeper of the Dragon, Ling John Vinn, Clare Cooley
His Deputy, Kling Allen Nelson, James Alexander
Captain of the Mandarin's Guard, Chan
Alfred Johnson, Vernon Frere
Page, Wee Sing Marjorie Jacobson, June Norden
Boatswain of U. S. S. "Florida," Tom
Vance Wagener, James Kness
His mate, Jerry Sumner Brackett, Raymour Johnson
The Mandarin's Daughter, Kooie Yan-Sadie Luokkala, Ruth Colver
Her Friends and Confidantes, Kum Fa
Dorothy Scott, Elizabeth Irons

Lila Yan Helen Hamala, Eleanor Straube
The Mandarin's Aunt, Poo Chow Mary Turterice, Anna Steiner
Keepers Alfred Arntsen, Elmer Olofson, Louis Rhea
James Tolley, Gino Marchieski, John Pyle, Charles Johnson
Stanley Roth, George Nilson
Soldiers George Lawrence, Robert McKenna, Archie Kroll
Maurice Goodnough, Ralph Kleeberger, John Koot
Albert Lindberg, Edward Pugh
Sailors Richard Whitmer, Norman McCall, Curtis Kenny
Oiva Nurmela, Edward Regallie, Charles Amesbury

June Bouldin H9

Some people have a strange idea that modern education is not practical. We ask you to read the following articles, contributed by the DOMESTIC ARTS DEPARTMENT, and decide what you think about the indications they show of practical education.

HINTS TO SHOPPERS ABOUT COTTON

Did you know that cotton is made to look like nearly every other kind of cloth? It is mercerized to look like silk; made springy and fuzzy to look like wool; mercerized and the threads made irregular to look like linen.

To test to see if it is silk and not cotton, burn it and, if pure silk, it will roll into a tiny ball.

To test to see if it is wool, and not cotton, burn its threads and if they break easily, and fibres are long and wavy, it is wool.

To test to see if it is really linen, moisten it, and, if linen it will absorb the moisture quickly. These tests will prove whether you have a substitute or the real thing.

Carol French H9

BEAUTY HINTS

All girls of today want to improve their looks. Some girls use rouge and powder. We have learned in our food classes, however, that wholesome food is a much better aid.

Some of the foods that produce lip-stick and rouge that will not wear off are: Plenty of fruits and vegetables; at least seven or eight glasses of water each day; breads made of wheat, bran, and rye; and all the milk you can drink. Avoid the use of tea and coffee.

Sleep is also important for good health which means--beauty. We should have a regular hour to go to bed, have the room quiet, and sleep with windows open. Avoid eating between the evening meal and bedtime.

To feel our best, think our best, and look our best, we need fresh air and sunshine. If you are in a room where the air is heavy, any length of time, you become drowsy because the room is not well ventilated. We should have sunshine and air out of doors so that we will grow.

Keeping the skin clean is as important as our eating. Bathe frequently to keep the body free from odors. There are tiny openings in the skin, called pores, near which are sweat glands. Through the sweat glands perspiration is emptied onto the surface of the skin. When it is on the surface of the skin, the water soon evaporates and the waste material is left. It is, therefore, necessary to wash well every day.

It is necessary to keep the teeth clean for many reasons. Without teeth you can not talk well. The absence of a tooth here and there interferes with eating and chewing food.

An old saying is "Health is wealth." Health may bring that which is more valuable than money--happiness.

Lorraine Armstrong L9

THE LOW AND HIGH NINTH CLASSES IN ART have been working on many school projects besides their regular work.

Our first project was helping with the model of the Schoonover Home. We made the grass of Turkish toweling and the shrubbery and bushes of sponges. We put slates on the roof, designs on the shutters, and trimmings on the windows and bricks. The house was constructed (with the aid of the boys in the metal shops) and painted by Mr. Williams' classes in the woodshops.

The high ninth grade boys did the stage construction for the operetta, "The Dragon of Wu Foo," and planned to make it the best yet. The girls stenciled and wood-blocked the costumes. The low ninth class made sketches of the school buildings for the Wizard. Every one in the ninth grade art classes made a poster for the operetta, swimming, or the Community Chest.

We are also working on designs for stained glass windows in our art room. These will take the place of the top shades and wood-blocked drapes will hang at the side.

The low ninth classes designed and painted flower placques and presented their advisers, and the office force,

with them. The fish designs, emphasizing rhythm, balance, and variety, formed the basis for the new and interesting problem of the spring term of 1930.

Billy Most H9

LOW SEVENTH GRADE ART--CHOOSING A PICTURE

Of all the pictures in the museum, I liked "Landscape" by Cezanne the best. Of course it isn't possible for everybody to like the same kind. Some people like the Old Masters' work which showed every detail of the object being painted, usually in dark, rich colors. Yet some, like myself, like the modern pictures which seem to make you cheerful by their bright colors and their simple loveliness.

I like the modern pictures, also, because they give you an impression, and you can make up, in your imagination, the story that you think that picture is supposed to represent. "Landscape" is an impressionistic picture and you have to get away from it to see what it really is like. Then you can shape it into the story you think it is telling. There are many bright contrasting colors in the picture. It also has a good rhythmic pattern, by that I mean that there is one curve catching hold of another curve facing in the opposite direction, which is formed so as to keep your eye within the picture plane.

An artist's best work most always starts with some experience. By this I mean a painter sees a marvelous view and is inspired to paint so that you may see it also, or maybe a poet sees a little lark flying rapidly about gathering materials for the nest he is building, then the poet is so impressed that he writes a poem about it so that you, too, may see the bird as he did.

Among the pictures I saw I liked these the best: "Red Horses," "Blue Horses," and "Deer" by Franz Mark; "Beach Riders" by Gaugin--for which the artist went to the South Seas to get the beautiful colors that are to be seen there--and "Coral Islands" by Monet. But, above all, I liked "Landscape" by Cezanne.

Doris Marshall L7

We have the following report from Mr. Frick concerning the work done in THE METAL AND ELECTRIC SHOPS.

A number of fine wrought iron end tables have been forged out by the ninth grade boys. The seventh grade boys, and the O7B boys, made some garden trowels and hoes that should have

made their spring gardening a pleasure. The metal book racks the seventh grade boys made were another worthwhile contribution to the homes from the Burbank shops. There was also some excellent practice work done in plumbing, overhauling automobiles, and machine lathe work. A number of fine conduit exercises were completed and two electric light reflectors made for the school stage, the latter being particularly fine pieces of work. Another school service the boys contributed was the painting of the automobile shop. The boys in the metal shop had their share in the construction of the model of the Scoonover Home, too, their share being the metal work used for grillings and drain pipes.

We have the following report from Mr. Williams concerning the semester's work in the WOOD SHOP.

The model of the Schoonover Home, constructed to scale by the boys, probably attracted more attention than anything else done this semester. The forty or fifty boys and girls who shared in the construction and decorating, as well as the faculty members who directed the work, feel a just pride in the fact that the model took first prize in our annual Community Chest display, and first in the Flower Show.

Another important project was the construction of a ten-foot work bench for the shop. This bench is a new type for school shops and is intended to help in the gradual elimination of the individual benches commonly used. We are gradually working toward the point where the work of the boys will be chiefly centered in large projects for the school instead of in individual projects. We want the boys to have the opportunity to work like men.

During the semester we have also torn down old partitions and enlarged the floor space in the shop one-third. The shop is lighter and more pleasant to work in since the change.

Before long we plan to have a real boat club in the school and four of the boys (Arthur Green, Laurie Linotti, George Nilson, and Sherwood Patrick) have made fine model sloops, constructed to standard size and design furnished by the Los Angeles Times. Two boys (Sumner Brackett and Vance Wagener) have made a twelve foot row boat.

Considering the quality of the work done, the amount of work done, and the school service given, we feel that the semester has been a successful one in the wood shop.

THE TYPEWRITING CLASSES have worked very hard to make this number of the Wizard a splendid tribute to our beloved friend and late principal, Mr. James T. Preston.

Over-hill - over-dale

Shakespeare

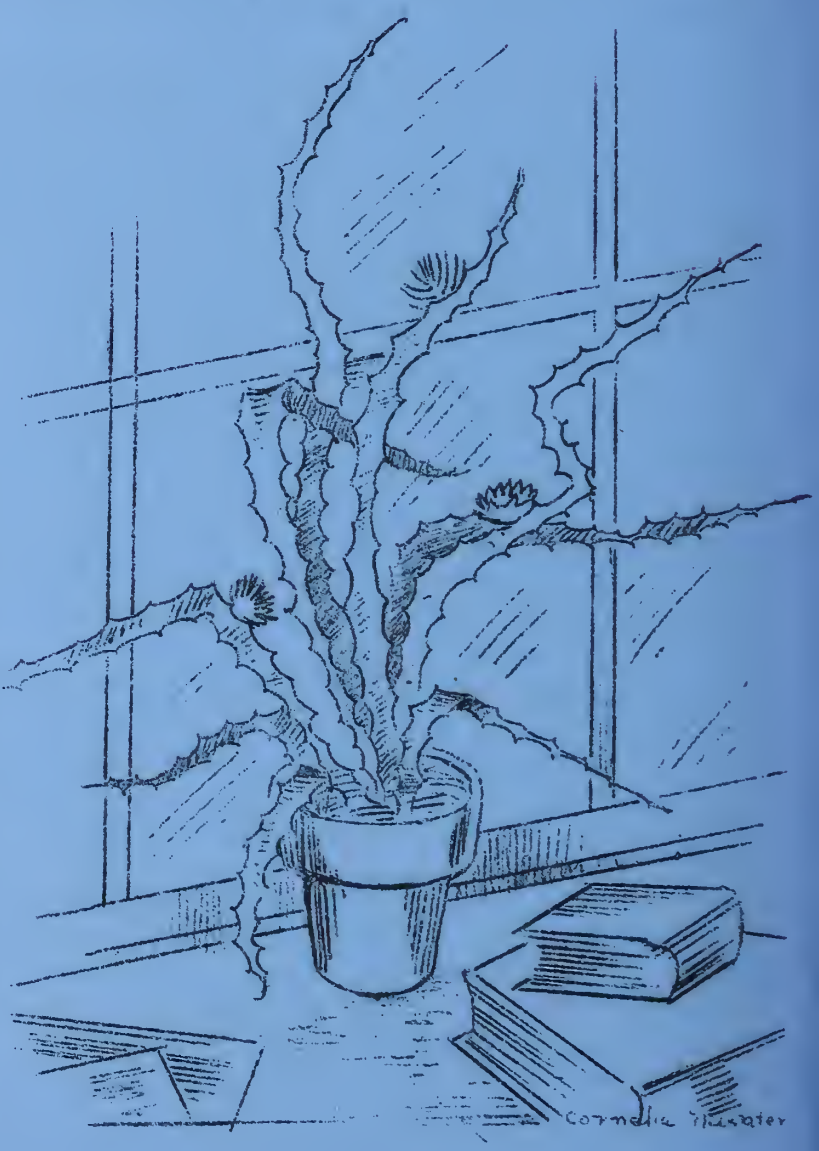
Activities

In Burbank School there are many opportunities for service, leadership, and--just fun. There are many groups in which girls or boys may find the kind of service or fun (or both) that pleases them most.

THE GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Girls' Association was held on Friday, February 28, 1930, and Miss Dunbar talked to the girls about planning a career. The second assembly of the association was on May 2, 1930, and at that meeting we had a fashion show directed by Miss Fisk.

We have a wonderful cheering section at Burbank, led by Mildred Forsell, aided by Lorraine Armstrong, Elvira Miguel, and Frances Sisterna. Burbank is said to have the best organized rooting of all the schools



in Berkeley. Only about fifteen girls have had to report in the Burbank Court this semester, for few girls are guilty of breaking traffic regulations. This term the officers were: President, Annie Oliver; Vice-President, Elaine Gachis; Secretary, Marie Simoncini; Faculty Adviser, Mrs. Golden.

The representatives were:

Lola Taylor H9'	Kathryn Sexton H8'	Geneva Johnston H7'
Eleanor Straube H9"	Dorothy Trees H8"	Mildred Royston H7"
Dorothy Shreck H9"'	Virginia Parkinson H8"'	Edna Holmes H7"'
Marion Harris H9""	Fujie Matsuda H8""	Wanda Bush H7""
Ione Hudson H9"''	Phyllis Nelson L8'	Dorothy Larripa L7'
Bernice Houck L9'	Marabelle Kirby L8"	Helen Giorno L7"
Carmen Carlquist L9"	Elvira Miguel L8"'	Phyllis Bertran L7"'
Emma Harrison L9"'	Lucy Macagno L8""	Vivian Hudson L7""
	Wilma Morrison O7G	

THE BOYS' ASSOCIATION saw a reel of Colonel Lindbergh's adventures on February 28. They aided the Burbank Parent-Teachers' Association at the "open house" meeting on April 25. The shops were open, exhibits of our handicraft shown, and the boys directed visitors on that occasion.

The boys' basketball and baseball teams have been sources of pride to the Boys' Association and deserve their thanks and support. Although not victorious in all their games, the boys put up a clean fight in every game. We wish the boys would wear their emblems. It is an honor to wear the ninth grade Block B, the eighth grade Circle B, or the seventh grade Numerals. They represent true sportsmanship, citizenship, scholarship, and service.

The officers for the spring semester were: President, John Borcher; Vice-President, Gino Marchieski; Secretary, John Diaz; and Faculty Adviser, Mrs. Golden.

Representatives to the Boys' Association were:

Edward Pugh H9'	Tauno Mork H8'	Joe Kafjez H7'
Archie Kroll H9"	Charles Fratis H8"	Nick Biagi H7"
John Borcher H9"'	Paul Berndt H8"'	John Encalada H7"'
Charles Krausch H9""	Lawrence Elliott H8""	Lawrence Peretti H7""
Elmer Lueckfeld H9"''	Modesto Valencia L8'	Rockwood Adam L7'
Leonardo Zulaica L9'	Joseph Chavez L8"	William Mainieri L7"
William Sorensen L9"	Harry Ysunza L8"'	Edwin Larsen L7"'
Eddie Romley L9"'	Billie Mouser L8""	Richard Silva L7""
	Henry Jallu O7B	

THE BURBANK DANCING CLUB was organized March 25. The instructor, Miss Abel, has her own accompanist, a very talented

piano player. The club is a big success, the first meeting opening with sixty members. There were so many pupils who wished to join that it was necessary to organize two classes, a senior and junior. The senior class is for those who know a little about dancing and the junior class is for those who are just beginning.

Miss Abel first teaches the pupils a waltz step. Every one gets in line and follows her. After we have learned this waltz step quite well, she tells the boys to choose a partner. It is surprising how quickly you learn!

Miss Abel also teaches how a boy should ask a girl to dance and how a girl should respond. Such knowledge gives a feeling of pleasure on the dance floor.

Florence Silva H9

THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS (known as the Kalomikana group) are having a very good time with their new guardian, Mrs. Hawkins.

On March 21 the Camp Fire Girls of Berkeley gave a Mother and Daughter Dinner followed by a Grand Council Fire. Three girls from Kalomikana group (Eileen Wilson, Lucille Wilson, and Aileen Hendershot) took their first rank as Wood Gatherers. All of the girls came away feeling that they had found the true meaning of Camp Fire.

The girls went on a hike March 29. They went up the "Big C Trail" and had their breakfast about seven o'clock. Then they went on to Grizzly Peak, gathering wild flowers; and home again.

Many of the girls are working hard to take their rank as Wood Gatherers. Mr. Standley has given us permission to hold candy sales at school, and to give a play, to raise much needed funds, so the girls always have plenty to do.

They are hoping to have a bigger and better group next term, so won't you join?

Esther Welp L8

THE GIRL RESERVES is a fine organization to which girls in the junior and senior high schools may belong.

With Miss O'Connor to instruct us, we cut wood blocks, stamp leather purses, and make scrap books for children of other countries, as well as a host of other things. On warm days we go on hikes to different places of interest and we have barbecues, parties, and swimming meets.

Our inter-club organization, composed of two members of every club in Berkeley, meets each month. We have many activities there, but one of the most important this semester is

our study of ships.

The S. O. S. Club of Burbank meets every Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Golden and Mrs. Athearn as very active associates.

Have you ever heard the saying, "The more the merrier"? That holds true in our club; so won't you please join and see what a fine time you will have?

Carol French H9

THE GIRLS' SWIMMING CLUB has been active for over a year. We are greatly indebted to the faculty, especially Mrs. Murphy, for making it a success.

The girls are very much interested and about fifty girls are taken on each swim. We swim about every three weeks, at the Richmond Natatorium. The cut rate charge for each swim is only thirty-five cents. Twenty-five cents goes to the Natatorium and ten cents to the teacher who transports us, for gasoline. Occasionally, we have a bean feed, which is deliciously cooked by Mrs. Bordner.

The girls have chances to earn merits. The beginner's button is awarded to the girl who swims across the pool in water over her head. The swimmer's button is given to those who swim five times across the tank, make a good dive, and swim two different strokes. The Junior Life Saving Award is the hardest to get. One has to swim across the pool eight times, dive after a button on the bottom of the pool, rescue a drowning person several ways, and be able to administer artificial respiration. Several Burbank girls are Junior Life Savers.

The Girls' Swimming Club offers us enjoyment, exercise, and health all in one. It was a worth while club to start, and to Mrs. Murphy, the founder, we give credit and our grateful thanks.

Lola Taylor H9

This is the third year THE BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB has been organized, and without doubt it has come to stay. A short while ago there were very few boys in this school who knew how to swim. Now there are many swimming enthusiasts.

This year we organized our first swimming team composed of: Richard Tucker (President), Emile Turpin (Vice-President), Laurie Linotti, and Willard Clark. With these few boys we challenged Longfellow Junior High School of Richmond with its numerous swimmers. They had a hard time, winning the meet by a few points. We are challenging the other schools of our city. This friendly competition creates greater interest in

our club. We have adopted the name of B.B.F., meaning Burbank Bull Frogs, as the official name of the team. We hope to have our emblems for our swimming suits soon. We feel proud of what we have done this term and look forward to greater accomplishments in the near future.

Richard Tucker H9

Aside from our associations and clubs we have certain other activities connected with the school, each intended to enrich our school life and make us better citizens in the world outside our school.

Traffic enforcement within the Burbank Student Body has come to be a combination of two worth while forces--the willingness of the students to observe the laws make for their own benefit, and the effective work of the Burbank traffic officers.

An essential part of the system is the BURBANK STUDENT COURT, which considers offenses, hears all evidence, and passes sentence. The Burbank Court takes pride in dealing justly with all students. Evidence to support this claim is found in the fact that no appeal has been taken from its decisions.

A student chief of police heads the organization. He is concerned with law enforcement and the conduct of student officers. The court machinery also includes a student bailiff, two secretaries, and three faculty members who assist with the court routine. This term Mr. McCaleb was judge, Mr. Willman held court detention, and Mrs. Golden had charge of traffic organization. Student officers were: Chief of Police, James Alexander; Recording Secretary, Patricia Hafey; Filing Secretary, Dorothy Shreck; and Bailiff, Raymond Youngblood.

The effective work of the Burbank Court is made possible by the splendid service of the Burbank Traffic Squads. The University Avenue squad has been headed by Robert Hemphill. Assisting him were: Corporals, Harold Ballwanz, John Rider, Edward Tscheekar, Harry Attfield, Clarence Kappadahl, Henry Koski, and Willard Clark.

Assisting officers were:

Gerald Conners	Ordean Swenson	Willis Horton
Rudolph Fardig	Modesto Valencia	Evert Lappinen
Laurie Hill	Raymond Wootten	John McRae
Joseph Heasell	Billie Rowland	Nicholas Minitzky
Richard Hansen	Stanley Bertheaud	Howard Multhauf
Emmet McDermott	Edward Hegarty	Edward Kangas
Bernard Pedersen	George Oier	Wilbur Stitzer

Allan Purves	Peter Chavez	Pierre Mailho
Fred Trumpf	Hiroshi Endo	Thomas Backos
Harry Ysunza	Edward Hannon	Walter Berthelsen
Frank Giani	Paul Berndt	

The Building and Grounds Traffic Force is composed of four groups of lieutenants: Of Halls, Raymond Campbell; of Assemblies, Aileen Hendershot; of Science Building, Raymour Johnson; and of Grounds, Mary Turturice.

Officers under these lieutenants were:

Marion Harris	Emma Harrison	Wilfred Valenti
Claire Soo	Henry Diaz	Lorraine Weidinger
Julia Valenzano	Archie Kroll	Fay Bell
Esther Hall	Alfred Johnson	Clarence Medes
Sylvia Forss	Joseph Lema	Herlinda DeLaRiva
Pearl Berryman	Hewett Renfrow	Clayton Evans

Dorothy Shreck H9

More boys turned out for BASKETBALL this year than at any time before. This proves that basketball is catching the interest of our boys. There were four weights in the basketball series (the unlimited, the 115's, the 105's, and the 95's) which gave all the boys a chance to make a team.

The unlimited and the 115's lost their games but put up good fights. George Cornell was picked as the outstanding forward of all teams and Leonardo Zulaica was just about as good. Other outstanding boys of those teams were: A. Biagi, R. Foster, B. Muscadini, V. Liotta, and G. Laurence. The 105's had a more successful season and almost won their letters. Their outstanding players were: A. Segura, L. Zulaica, and N. Biagi. The 95's were the most successful, winning two of their games against other schools. This gave them their letters. Their outstanding players were L. Winters, H. Lauren, and L. Tognolini.

INTERCLASS BASEBALL was managed differently this year. Each advisory had its own team. These teams played off in each group. The winner of the advisory play-off represented that class in the after school play-off. The lower division after school play-off was won by the L8" class. The upper division results will be known too late for this book.

It was a hard blow to us when the BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP of the junior high schools of Berkeley ended in a tie. This tie was between Edison and Burbank. Burbank was expected to

win after beating Edison nine to zero. Valenti pitched a no hit game, allowing only one man to reach first in a walk. Edison came back and beat us ten to two. This was a sad blow to Valenti who ended his junior high baseball career that afternoon. He had not lost a game during two years pitching for Burbank. Another interesting race was between Foster and Marchieski for the batting championship. Marchieski finally won out with eight hits for thirteen times at the bat.

Our school was represented in TENNIS this term, by George Cornell, Leonard Zulaica, Robert Harbarth, and Jack Snook in the doubles, while John McRae, Eddie Romley (captain) and Herbert Horton played the singles--for us. Jack Snook and Robert Harbarth won their B's.

Gino Marchieski H9

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS, for nearly five years, have shown good sportsmanship but lost all their games. This is no longer true. Our, hitherto, unbeaten opponents stepped aside in amazement as Burbank forged ahead!

The 95 lb. team played some fast games. It beat Garfield, tied Willard, and made Edison work hard to defeat it. The girls who received their B's are: Dorothy Loveland (captain), Virginia Corso, Norma Forsell, Eleanor Slone, Edith Torrey, Goldie Stanek, Elvena Trumpf, Esther Welp, Mary Ferrando, Maxine Hamilton, and Marjorie Joseph.

Burbank is very proud of her 105 lb. team: Sadie Luokkala, Iona Bowers, Marcella Stark, Edna Ames, Amelia Sisterna, Annamae Bland, Ardella Lyon, Adeline Speed, and Annie Oliver (captain). It defeated Willard and Garfield and dared to push Edison in a close score of 18 to 17.

The 115 lb. team defeated Willard and showed the other schools what they might expect next year. The girls who helped bring the red and white to the front were: Metta Biemann, Marian Huffman, Dorothy Herbert (captain), Pearl Risch, Mildred Forsell, Alice Tsukamoto, Phyllis Nelson, Irja Jarvis, and Marion Giorno.

The unlimited team lost all their games, but it will prove itself to be a dangerous foe for future years. The players are: Lucille Spenger, Amy Norris, Pearl Berryman, Mary Galan, Dorothy Schreck, Jessie Elliot, Christine Robinson, Elaine Gachis, Elizabeth Irons, Phyllis Olson, Katherine Sexton, and Lorraine Weidinger.

Christine Robinson H9; Marjorie Parker, Dorothy Loveland L9

Girls' Association Officers
Science Field Expedition
"Sir David Wears a Crown"

Wizard Business Manager and Editor
High Nine Play
Science Field Expedition
Boys' Association Officers

105 lb. Basketball Team
Baseball Team
115 lb. Basketball Team

115 lb. Basketball Team
95 lb. Basketball Team
Unlimited Basketball Team

THE GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM this term was composed of Lola Taylor, Clara Ghego, Cornelia Neustadter, Helen Loven, Dorothy Loveland, Minerva Mannisto, and Lucille Spenger. Their first games were with Willard and they won every set. On May 6, the doubles played Edison and were defeated. On May 8, the singles played Edison, Clara Ghego won from her opponent and the other two singles lost. We will get our Burbank B's, if we win two out of three games.

Apart from the school and yet an important part of it (because we have our own librarian there at all times during school hours) is the West Berkeley Branch Public Library. The use of the library by our students was one of Mr. Preston's chief interests. It was largely through his interest and hard work, that the library was built near to the school where we might have access to it without inconvenience.

WEST BERKELEY BRANCH PUBLIC LIBRARY

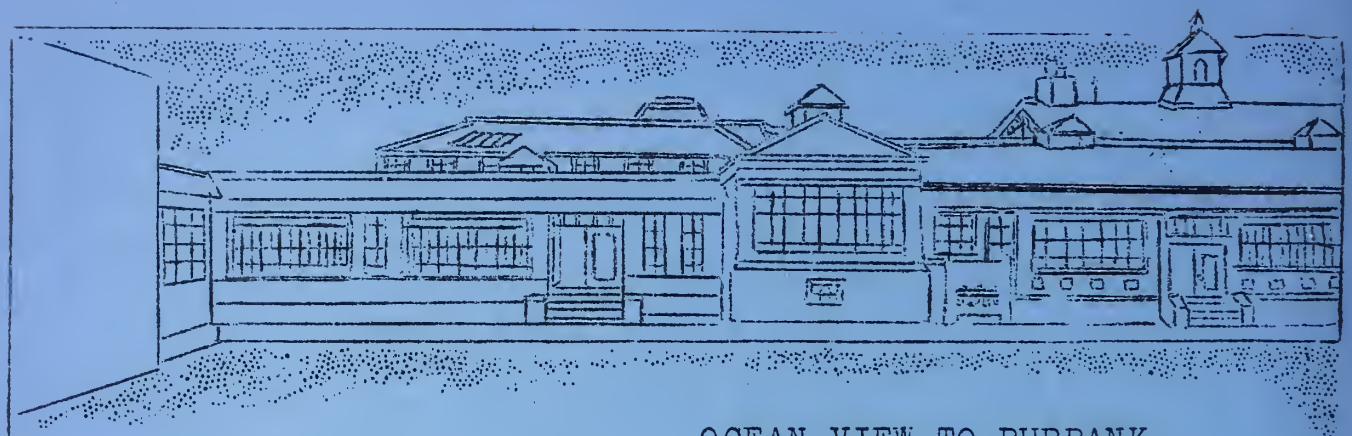
We are very fortunate to have a library where we can get books for our studies and for pleasure reading. Each class has an opportunity to go to the library once a week during school hours. Our librarian, Miss McAllister, helps us in every way possible and I think her cooperation should be appreciated. We can show our appreciation by taking proper care of the books we take out.

Edythe Vetter H7

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

On March 8 a regional conference was held in Larkin Hall in San Francisco. The representatives gathered from many nearby cities to discuss several problems confronting the Junior Red Cross. One problem was that of sending a representative to Washington, D. C. It has not yet been decided who will have the honor of going, but Livermore High School is raising funds to send a delegate. This meeting was the second of its kind, but hereafter a similar meeting is to be held semi-annually. Preliminary to the conference, the delegates saw very interesting gifts from the Japanese Red Cross. Each bit of work was very carefully and artistically made of bright contrasting colors. A very enjoyable luncheon was served at the Hotel Whitcomb after the conference. Our Juniors were the guests of the Berkeley Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Irene Holm H9



OCEAN VIEW TO BURBANK

Looking Backward

In the spring of 1906, Mr. James T. Preston, our beloved and former principal, having resigned from the faculty of Tamalpais Military Academy, succeeded Mr. George Kierulf as head of the San Pablo Avenue School.

As the pioneer school in Berkeley, it was called the Ocean View School, built in 1856. There is quite an interesting story in connection with the school. Patrick Rooney donated an acre of his land, Capt. Bowen gave the lumber, and two public-spirited citizens built the one-room school for the thirty pupils who came from the hills to the bay and from the county line on the north, to what is now Golden Gate on the south. Mr. Charles E. Carlton, living at 2622 San Pablo Avenue, attended this school in 1856. When Ocean View district was incorporated into the town of Berkeley, it lost its identity and was called the San Pablo Avenue School.

By 1877 incoming industries, following the completion of the present main line railroad on Third Street, increased the school enrollment to seventy pupils. Mr. M. M. Gilman, the one teacher, after whom Gilman

FRANK McDONALD L72

Street is named, was given an assistant, Miss Susie McClure, the first woman teacher in the town of Berkeley, who served in this section for many years. As Mrs. Susie M. Driver, she is living at 6026 Harwood Street. To prove her love for this community, Burbank School is indebted for her generous gift of ores and shells to our museum in the science department.

At one time the San Pablo Avenue School became so overcrowded that the primary classes were housed in the vacant store of Ocean View House, a rambling clapboard inn built by Capt. Bowen in 1853, on the site of what is now the northwest corner of San Pablo Avenue and Delaware St. Here the stagecoach running from the town of San Pablo to Oakland stopped for passengers. Capt. Bowen, an interesting character, had come from Massachusetts in an old wind jammer "round the Horn". Old time residents and grandparents of Burbank students will recall the beautiful old cypress that grew beside this old landmark and under the shade of which many of them enjoyed their childhood games.

The San Pablo Avenue School saw many changes, but the greatest came when Mr. Preston assumed charge. Large of stature--deep voiced--with hearty laughter, slow of speech and action, he set about to learn and develop the interests of the children in this section. He often said: "Human kind differs little, but opportunities must be given for proper growth and development". He decided to develop a social atmosphere so that human emotions could be expressed in art, dramatics, debating, music, and recreation. The hand-minded boy could be taken care of in shop.

Mr. Preston loved music. On his visits to the primary classes he would sing their favorite, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." Here was a man different from the usual teacher. So patrons learned. In the new order of things a piano was a necessity. A series of entertainments raised the money. "There Was Music In The Air," for an orchestra under Miss Bolsted, now Mrs. Cianciarulo of the present Franklin faculty, began its work. Frank Siegrist, noted trumpeter, is a product of the Franklin School orchestra.

Teachers, who were at Franklin during Mr. Preston's courtship days, can, in memory, hear his beautiful tenor voice as he sang "Oh, 'Tis Maytime, 'Tis Maytime."

Boys were encouraged to play baseball on the nearby vacant lots. How many know that Chick Hafey of Big League fame was one of Mr. Preston's boys?

Mr. Preston was not satisfied to keep abreast of the times but was ever ahead of them. Dramatics made a special

appeal to him. He saw no reason why all children should not participate. The poor in purse had an equal chance with the pupil who came from a more favored home. Throughout his professional career this democratic spirit prevailed in every activity.

The traditional school had passed and with it the change of name from San Pablo Avenue to Franklin School.

A red letter day at Franklin is recalled when the teaching body of Berkeley attended en masse the tea given by the Franklin faculty. They came, they saw, and were convinced that James T. Preston was not of ordinary mold. The Franklin School plant was inadequate to carry on the program outlined. The younger pupils should be separated from the overactive, older students. The result was that in March 1916 the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, approximately three hundred strong, moved into the Burbank Junior High School. Today the three acres with the original building, its additions, the shops, and sciences, the nine bungalow-shacks are wholly inadequate to house eight hundred students and a faculty of thirty-five full time teachers. In June 1916 nineteen completed the ninth grade; in June 1930 one hundred forty-seven students will leave the ninth grade.

Mr. Preston was not only a school man, but for twenty years he served regularly as a vital member of the Welfare Society. Many a home owes much to the challenge he made for it. The Scoonover Home for dependent children is the product of his wise counsel. As a member of the Playground Commission he foresaw the need of proper playgrounds in all sections of Berkeley. Among his cherished but unfulfilled hopes was a well-equipped field-house and playground facilities in Kenney Park, comparable to the facilities in other sections of the city.

The Burbank band and orchestra were Mr. Preston's pride and joy. Thanks to his many friends--the band has been uniformed, a fitting tribute to the man whose soul was full of music and good will toward all human kind.

Emma S. Wilkes

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

The Burbank student body loves "Grandpa," Mr. Loura, faithful and efficient janitor under Mr. Preston at Franklin and Burbank.

The raising of the flag on the afternoon of May 1, 1916 was a great occasion. With pride and patriotism, Mr. Loura raised Old Glory to the top of the pole. Throughout the years Mr. Preston valued "Manuel" who was selected first, at Mrs. Preston's request, to bear his honored chief to his last resting place.

Emma S. Wilkes

FROM THE WIZARD FILES

We are able to trace the history and development of our school through our annuals, which have been bound into four colorful volumes. It is most interesting to look back over these books. When the band was first established at Franklin School there were but ten members; now we have fifty-two.

In March 1907 our first annual was published. At this time the name was "Volunteer" and it kept that name until we moved to Burbank, when it was changed to the "Wizard" in honor of the plant wizard, Luther Burbank. The first Volunteer was but four pages thick, and each page was six inches long by four inches wide. Each book became larger, just like our school, with a few pages added at a time.

In May 1916 we had our first Wizard. It was

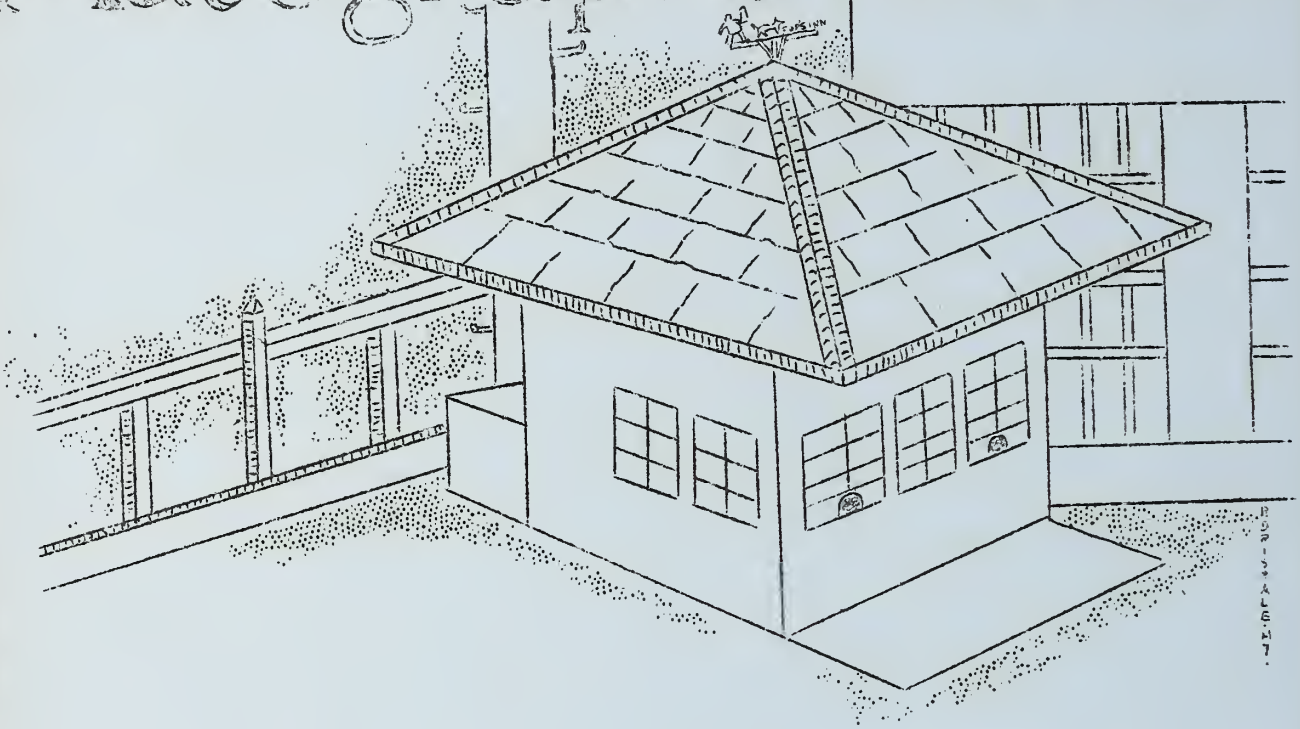
> "Dedicated to our Principal, James T. Preston,
>
> to whom we owe more than we can ever acknowledge
>
> or forget---. May it show, as far as possible,
>
> our deep appreciation of him and his work."

Now it contains seventy-two pages. Aren't we growing?

We found too, in past Wizards, that some of our teachers have been with us since we were at Franklin. Miss Robinson and Mrs. Wilkes were first grade teachers; Miss Cameron had the fourth and fifth grades; Miss Truman, the sixth; Miss Gilbert, English and music in the eighth; Miss Martin, eighth and ninth grade history; and Mr. Wolfenden, algebra and shorthand. It is also interesting to note that Miss Santos of our art department was graduated from our school when it was the Franklin School.

Edythe Vetter, Charlotte Anderson H7

Autographs



To have a friend
is to be one

EMERSON

RCP